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woodwind

WOODWIND

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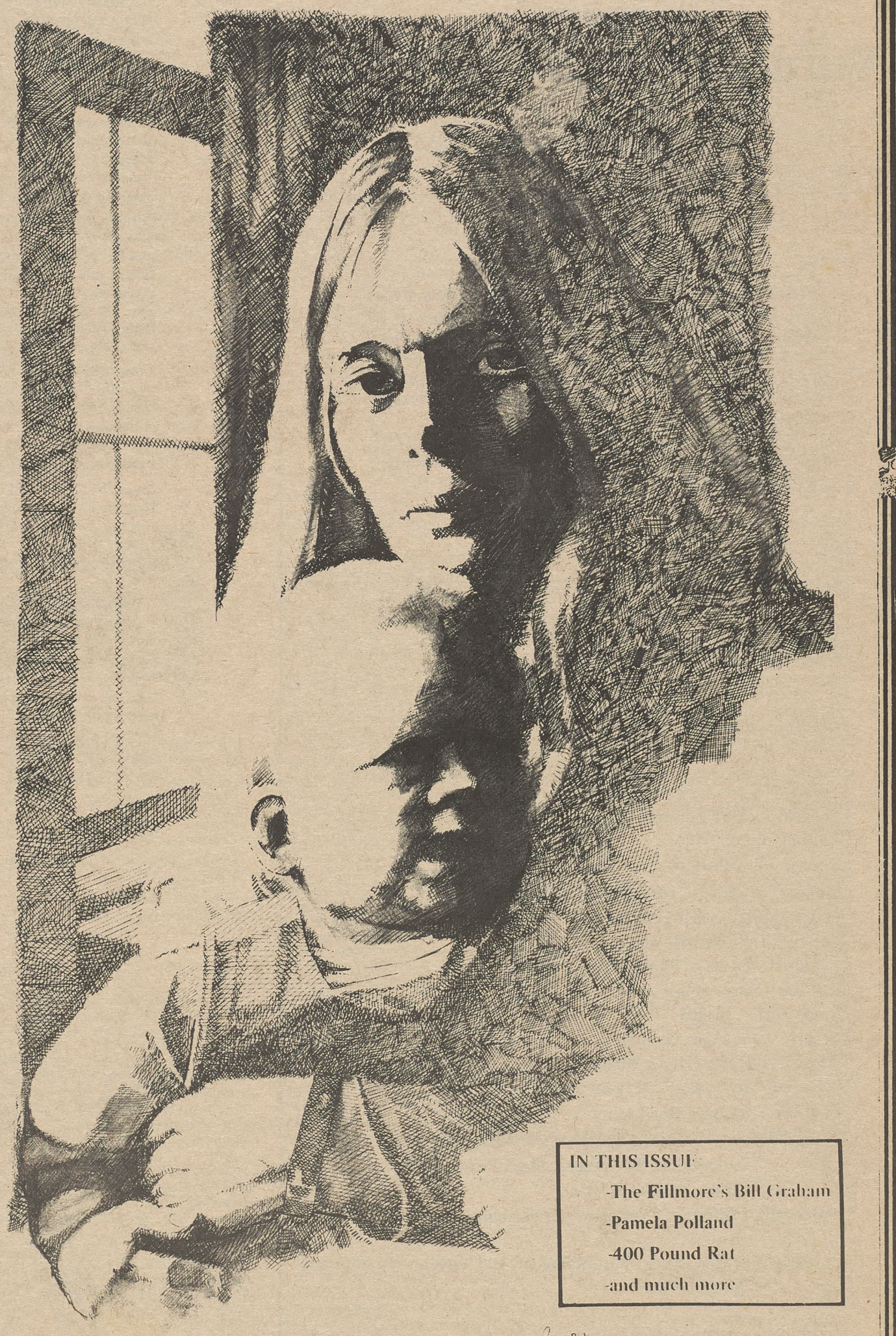

LADY MADONNA

Patrick '72

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Woodwind
an Arts Paper

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WOODWIND PUBLISHING COMPANY

WOODWIND is a community oriented arts paper and in so being, one of our primary objectives is to publish new local artists and writers. If you have work to offer for publication please mail it in or give us a call. We are particularly interested in fiction and short features. If you wish to have your work returned, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Your comments and criticisms about *WOODWIND* are welcome – we are eager to share your thoughts with our readers.

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This issue WOODWIND welcomes Louis C. Fantasia to its staff. Fantasia, who will join Susan Cohn in writing about classical music, is director of the Georgetown Symphony Orchestra.

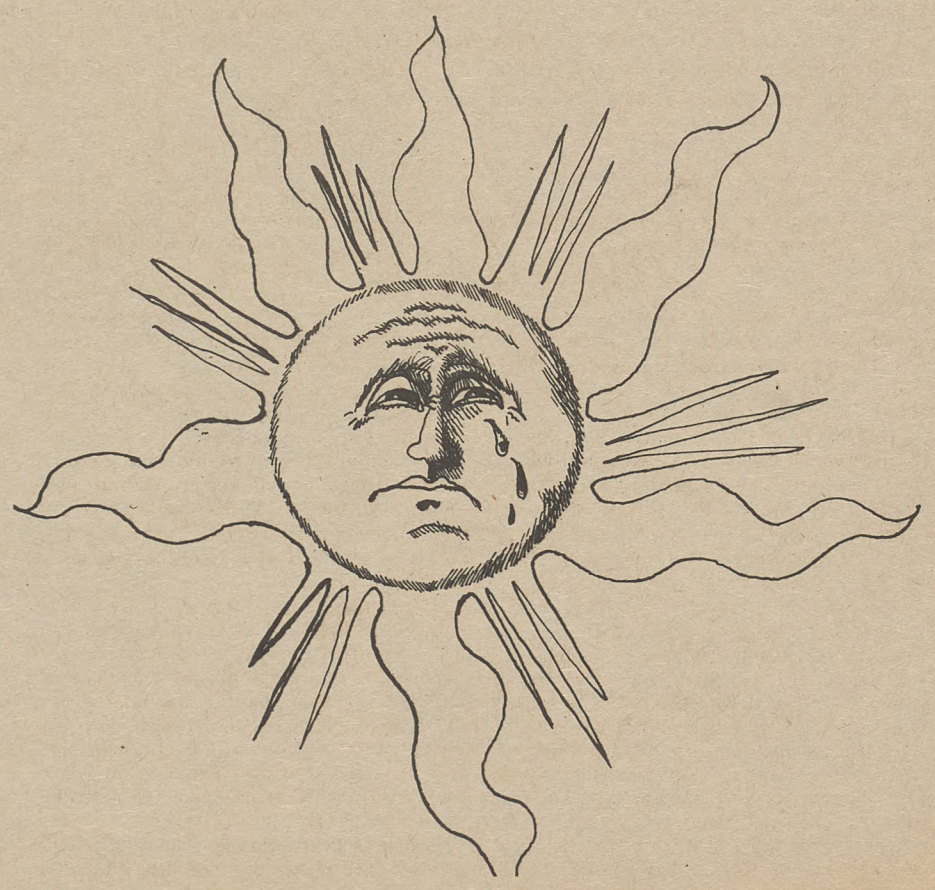
I want to be a skydiver at frederick, md.

Many of my pals ask me
in moods very brown or grey
excusing the old question by way of their stoned state
what I want to be when I grow up?
Well they have many answers:
Marc will lay tiles and be a laborer
Sue will care for many children
Tom will drift about the country
Jack will fashion pots of clay
Nancy soon will happily marry
Horace will change his name and go to Yale
And the others will go their varied ways
Until at last we have all lost touch of eachother
And time will bring our children (if we have them)
around and outward again together
to pursue twenty-first century vocations
if they do not turn towards the stars for
adventure

But all I want
is to be a skydiver at frederick, md.
Well I remember the tiny airships
In the long hanger, small handful slips of things
that seemed so accessible
It was all I could do
to restrain my aching hands from
grasping the controls and going up, above, and over.
And there at last, after the blue music
and the green field
and the hot sun and the white sky
there came down upon us
a skydiver
there, at frederick, md.
Who excelled all the supermen or green lanterns
I could devise ghost-fashion,
to compete with this winged man
who slid like butter on a pan
almost callow in his freedom
along down the tunnel of the skyway
onto the flat lap of the earth before
us who waited breathlessly, consumed by envy.

I was not born a bird
Nor was I born the daughter of an airman, or a valkyrie
But my mind turns often back along these crowded pages
to that winged man
and the small metal birds that I know I could command
if I chose
if the spirit of adventure would suddenly come upon me
so that in an instant I would grasp the wheel
and direct my arrowed soul, darting
up from the shouting people of the hangar
below grouped shaking fists while I would laugh with angelic ripples
And my mind comes back to earth
only when some lazy in the sun friend
asks me my plans
and points out some traveling aeroplane
up there in the ceiling of the world.

By Eve Edelson



Bill Graham: 'This Place Belongs To Me'

by Kirk Cheyfitz

In the late summer of 1969, the Fillmore East, in imitation of Fillmore West, opened Tuesday nights for a $1.00 "community" night. Local groups would play. People, hopefully the residents of the theater's immediate neighborhood, would have a good time.

The first experimental Tuesday arrived. The Fillmore filled up. Graham was on the stage when a group of leather-jacketed hippie/bikers calling themselves the Motherfuckers and claiming to speak for the community, stormed the stage (a relatively easy feat since there was no one trying to stop them) and "liberated" first the microphones and then the entire theater.

"This place now belongs to the people," one of them announced.

"The shit it does," screamed Graham, and he could be heard all over the auditorium without benefit of electronic amplification. "This place belongs to me."

Remembering the incident recently Graham said, "First I told them that if they wanted it they could buy it for $425,000.00." Graham felt that this was a good deal since that was what he had paid for the place. "But they didn't want to buy it. They said they were going to use the theater as a crash pad for the night, and that we could talk the next day."

Graham told them to get the hell out. They refused. They said that Graham was a capitalist leech on the back of the community making money off the people's music. They said music belonged to the people. Graham said that was bullshit. It was his theater, bought and paid for. It was his business, built with his sweat. He had a perfect right to make money. They said that the money should go to the community. Graham said that the money should go where ever Graham decided it should. There followed an hour of incomprehensible yelling.

Graham asked one of the Motherfuckers what his father did for a living. The Motherfucker said that his father was a baker. Graham said all bread belonged to the people and the Motherfuckers should go liberate the bakery. There was more yelling.

"This went on until 4 o'clock in the morning," Bill Graham is saying. "Finally I told them, 'If you really want the theater I'm going to tell you what you have to do. And you'd better act on what I say immediately or you won't get another chance. If you really want the theater you'll have to kill me.' Well, they couldn't handle that and they left."

FILLMORE

"A lot of people, after I closed the Fillmore East, would come up to me, young kids, and say, very timidly, 'Can we talk to you, Mr. Graham?' And I'd say 'Of course. What do you want? What can I do for you?' And they would say – and this was, like very important to them and they thought they were being nice – Mr. Graham, we used to think you were just a rip-off, a big capitalist shit, but now we go to a place and the sound is shitty, or we go to another place and the first act never shows, and we realize what a great deal the Fillmore was and what a good person you are and we want to thank you for all that good music and all those good times." And I say to those kids – and this has happened at least a hundred times – I say, from the bottom of my heart, 'Fuck you. Who needs this shit three years too late.' and I tell them to get out of my sight.

Bill Graham was born in Europe between the two world wars. His father died when Bill was very young. The boy was raised in an orphanage. He cannot remember those early years. He thinks they must have been painful and he has blocked them from his mind. His approach to adolescence and Hitler's rise to power coincided. The tall, skinny, Jewish boy fled through one country after another to escape the Nazi camps.

Out of some sixty children from his orphanage who tried to escape from Europe, he was one of only eleven or twelve who actually made it to the United States. A Jewish charitable organization, set up to handle orphaned refugees from Nazism, found him a foster home in the Bronx.

Just over six years ago this boy, grown to a young man, opened a dance hall in San Francisco. In the Bay area a new movement was starting. At the core of this movement was a dream of love and openness, and a musical group with a lead singer named Grace Slick. Bill Graham called his dance hall The Fillmore.

In the beginning, local groups played at The Fillmore for very little money. The kids came to dance and have a good time together and they paid very little to get in. A tribal commune called The Family Dog created beautiful hand-printed posters to advertise the shows to the community. Graham says, "In the beginning, everybody won and nobody lost."

Across the country the national media began to notice the "San Francisco sound" and the groups who played it: The Jefferson Airplane, The Grateful Dead, and others. The media also noticed The Fillmore, and they dated the birth of the "Flower Generation" from the Fillmore's opening.

The groups began to tour the country. Records began to sell. Haight-Ashbury blossomed. The Village in New York filled with kids intent on "dropping out." Life Magazine put it all on the cover and the movement exploded.

Hard drugs moved out of the black ghettos and into the hands of young white customers.. The groups began to make five, then ten... and then twenty thousand dollars for one appearance. Ads for the Fillmore shows ran on radio TV, and in the major newspapers. The kids had to pay high prices for tickets to see their musical idols. Record companies grew like mushrooms. Bill Graham opened the Fillmore East in New York.

Students began rioting. The Haight sank into a swamp of violence and drug addiction. Woodstock happened and was followed by a raft of imitative swindles. General hostility replaced unquestioning love at center stage. Bill Graham closed the Fillmores, and the national media said that rock was dead. End of an Era.

Bill Graham has the kind of personality that, you imagine, several centuries ago, would have made him well suited to be the benevolent conquerer of several continents. He possesses the power that used to be ascribed to good generals and now is reserved to the editors of large newspapers and some film directors: He makes you want to make him think well of you. And, further, he conveys the impression that the best way to do this is to be in agreement with his basic ideals and goals, to be like him as much as you can, while still remaining yourself.

This power to effortlessly compel others to think like yourself is the strongest part of the power of leadership and it devolves from Graham's conviction that he is essentially a good man, honest and with worthwhile goals, and that, because of his basic goodness, he is, most if not all of the time, right. He likes people who agree with him, not because they agree with him, but because they are thinking right.

Graham is seemingly proud even of his defects, and he presents them positively, as evidence of his humanity. "I'm not a fucking machine. I scream. Lose my temper. I'm a person.

Graham is an immensely charming person. He is an animated talker with a "true life" story for every occasion and a fine sense of humor. It is very easy to like Bill Graham. The charm of his personal presence quickly outweighs all the press reports of his viciousness and inhuman temper.

Finally, Bill Graham projects the simplicity that is one of the more appealing qualities of most good leaders. He doesn't confuse people with metaphysics. He relates his every action, no matter how distasteful, to a single overriding ideal. "At least," he says, "I'm being honest. I'm telling you how I feel." He invokes honesty when telling someone to get out of his sight, or when telling a band that they stink. And he seems to feel that he can do or say anything as long as it is "honest." What he lacks in diplomacy he makes up for in transparency. He gives the impression that you will always know where you stand with Bill Graham. No bullshit. Just the straight dope.

Graham is a businessman, in the torturous business of producing rock concerts. His most strident claim about his business is, "I never screwed anybody. Find me one musician who can say that Bill Graham didn't pay him. Find me anybody that can say, 'Graham didn't live up to his word.' and I'll give you my business." This is an offer that most people in the music business, a business notorious for the rip-off and the screw-job, would think a long time before making. It is a claim that comes with special difficulty to a concert promoter because a promoter must work with so many different parties (musicians, audience, light and sound technicians, advertising media, booking agents, city government, stadium owners, security guards, etc.) that in the end it is almost certain that someone, somewhere along the line, will feel (and, in fact, get) screwed.

The watchword for most concert producers (promoters) is "adequate." They hire an adequate hall to hold the crowd (the hell with acoustics, you can't have everything). They get an adequate sound system. They rent minimal lighting equipment for the event. Security guards? Enough to look impressive even if they are inexperienced. The acts? Well, the first act (headliner) must be a "draw." After that the average promoter goes shopping for any unknown act whose record label will pick up the tab for advertising. Or, often, he must take a "package" (one of the things Graham says helped him decide to close the Fillmores) including the first act he wants along with one or two others that the agency couldn't book unless they forced people to take them. As a final insult many promoters figure that a certain percentage of ticket holders will not be able to make it at the last minute and so they oversell the hall and the result is, at best, chaos, and often violence. The list of compromises and skimping could go on and on.

But Graham was the most notable exception to the rule of the barely adequate, and the pre-meditated swindle, both at the Fillmores and elsewhere (He recently produced nine concerts with the Rolling Stones in L.A. and San Francisco) and he continues to produce frequent concerts at San Francisco's Winterland). Graham lavished love on the audiences in the form of careful planning and vast expenditure to insure the success (in terms of quality) of his concerts.

Graham never advertised what he didn't have. He never oversold. He always made sure that people in the back rows of any hall he hired could see the stage. He spent tens of thousands of dollars to acquire sound and lighting systems that would be as close to perfect as technology would allow. He spent more extra money on hiring the best technicians to run those systems. And the predictable result was that the Fillmores were the best places in the world to see and hear rock music.

But now the Fillmores are closed. It was rumored that Graham closed because he was beginning to lose money. "I was making more money in the last three months than I ever had before," he says. So, it wasn't money.

It was rumored that rock was dying; that Graham got out just before the final seizure. "Rock music is going to be around for a long time," Graham says, "It's mainstream America now. It's in advertising, it's in movies, it's on the radio, and many so-called straight performers, like Andy Williams and Streisand are singing it. Rock is here to stay. It's no passing fad."

Graham himself gives many reasons for the closing. He says that it was too tiring, all the constant bickering negotiations with groups agents, and managers. He says that everybody wanted too much. The groups wanted more money and more special "attention" clauses in their contracts. But then he says that the extra money was all right, that he could swing that easily. And he humorously downgrades the rest of the groups' demands (limosines, paint jobs on the dressing room, Graham's personal presence) to mere nuisance.

He says that he was running out of acceptable talent. That he could not find enough music which met his standards to keep the theaters going 52 weeks a year. That he had to book too many second-rate acts and accept too many "packages." But then he says that rock music is very big and there are thousands of very talented groups as well as thousands of very bad ones. He says he was getting fed up with the hypocrisy of the musicians. That rock musicians are corporate businessmen, not entertainers. They were money-makers. And then he says that it's fine to make money but they shouldn't come on like ". . . those are my people out there, starving and dying in wars, because nobody who makes a million dollars a year is a member of the masses." He digresses. He says that the musicians are not involved with the community. That they don't care, and they do nothing with their money and their power to improve conditions that they all constantly complain about. And then he tells how the Dead and Santana played on one night's notice, cancelling other gigs, to raise $20 thousand for bail for the people jailed in the People's Park demonstration in Berkeley.

In fact, Graham goes down the list of everything he cares about in the world and tries it out as the "real reason" he closed the Fillmores. He checks off money, dignity, his

(continued on the next page)

Graham, Co1

family, his radical politics, his health, his musical taste, his honesty, and his energy, but none of them quite fit the bill.

And in between each of them like a repeating chorus in a hit song, he returns to the object of his most supreme anger: the audience. "After four or five hours of good music they would sit there like animals and scream 'More!' You can't do that. You can't demand more."

And slowly what looks like the reason for Bill Graham's closing rock and roll's twin homes begins to emerge. "I'd stand by the door after the show and as the people left kids would say to me, 'Hey, Bill, great show' and I'd swell up with pride. Then they'd get a couple of steps away and one of 'em would say to a friend, 'I'll bet the son of a bitch really made a killing tonight." And that just destroyed everything for me. That takes all the good feelings right out of you."

Bill Graham put a lot of money into making the Fillmores a good experience for everyone who came to them. And he got a lot of money out of it. But he also put in a lot of love. The love, he feels, was never returned, and this is, it seems, the big disappointment that drove him out of the Fillmore.

Graham wanted to be loved the way the musicians he put on his stages were loved. "When I was younger," he says, "I had the theater bug. I wanted to be on the stage... but I discovered I didn't have the skill. . ." So Graham chose to produce rather than perform, and instead of love he harvested hostility.

Graham cannot understand, and it enrages him to think, that people came to the Fillmore, had a great time, and then left hating him because he made his money that way. He is bitter that after all the care, and all the effort that went into producing the shows, he is known to his satisfied customers as a "capitalist pig."

It was not that he was the biggest, baddest capitalist in the world. Or even that the kids had any clear idea of why capitalism was bad. It was just that Graham was visible, and his attitudes and ideals were visible. The president of GM simply does not stand on street corners debating his life style with large groups of alienated children. But Bill Graham, for some reason, did. And on the most primitive psychological level he became the successful, self-confident, vital father-image that thousands of kids could vilify, put down, and rebel against. It was a satisfying rebellion because not only was Graham visible, he was important to them. He gave them the music that in many ways was more important to them than the food that real-life Daddy put one the table.

And so we have Bill Graham, radical realist of the 70's. Rejected by the children of the 60's because they did not want an example of a basically good man making it in the real world. Rather, they wanted a different world altogether. But that dream has more or less completely collapsed and the 70's are here. Maybe the 70's can forgive Graham his inhuman temper and his constant, suppressed rage and love a tough, politically radical, rich, tender capitalist. Perhaps this decade Bill Graham will find his audience.

AT THE MOVIES

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

FILLMORE [20th Century Fox]

Where MONTEREY POP, WOODSTOCK, GIMME SHELTER and CONCERT FOR BANGLADESH dealt with one historical event of rock music at a particular juncture of its development, FILLMORE, now playing at Cerberus I, deals with where rock music is right now. The film focuses on one legendary aspect of rock music, the Fillmore (West) auditorium, and even more specifically, on the man who not only made that place happen, but who has a bigger place in rock than most people would like to believe, Bill Graham.

Graham is the undisputed star of the film, more than the people, more than the bands, more than the building itself. According to the director, Richard Heffron, when shooting started he didn't necessarily think of Graham as the focal point, but when the latter's immediately strong character came across, it was obvious that he would be the main figure. FILLMORE is a good mini-education in how rock music works. About half the film concentrates on Graham, in his office, trying to work out never ending hassles that bombard concert promoters. This is his last week as proprietor of the legendary rock emporium, and he is seen on the phone with a string of bands, agents, managers, lightshow technicians, etc., saying "You want it your way, they want it their way, what about me? Why can't I have my way once in a while?!" He says that in working with these people, "You're not dealing with a rational species."

While the picture of Graham in my mind had always been that of the big bad wolf, the tough businessman who forces things to run, the film manages to show that, yes, Graham is tough and hard-nosed, but he's also got a heart, and My God!, look at what he has to put up with! He is shown in telephone conversations with people who flightily change their minds about things which are essential to the Fillmore's operations; for instance, Boz Scaggs, who told Graham 15 minutes earlier that he would do nothing but headline his show over Cold Blood because he's been around a long time and earned the right to headline, calls after the marquee had been changed and the press notified, to inform the stunned Graham that he doesn't want to headline after all. He wants to make an early flight the next morning.

This showing of the behind-the-scenes activity of rock, often cruel and irrational, is very important to the film. It doesn't imply that rock is dead, the fine music in the film does away with that notion, but it shows that rock is a business like any other. And that's a side that people seldom see. In relating how difficult it was to spend six months – after the filming was completed – tracking down the bands to try and get their okays for their appearances in FILLMORE, Heffron said that "If I had known all the hassles I was going to have, I probably wouldn't have done this film."

Graham's confrontations with Santana's managers in the film are classic, and must be seen, as a good study in human nature; in how soon people forget what others once did for them.

There are scenes showing Graham telling nostalgic stories of his days at the Fillmore, and playing in the park with his young son, but I prefer to see the man yelling on the phone, in his true element. The non-arguing scenes where he is effective come when he is philosophizing about the early days of the Fillmore, when "everybody won," when the Fillmore wasn't a place you came to, bombed-out on reds, looking to pick up or pick a fight with someone in a similar condition.

The music is very good; the Grateful Dead do rip-'em-up versions of "Casey Jones" and "Johnny B. Goode," Santana is given much time in the film, and while Hot Tuna and Quicksilver tend to bore, Lamb, Cold Blood, and Boz Scaggs give stirring performances. While multiple images and split screens are employed, the special effects are usually tasteful. Luckily, it's not one of those rock musicals that just make you dizzy and unable to appreciate the music.

A movie which had as its subject how great the Fillmore once was would not be as appropriate as this film. It gives a lot of truths about rock music reality, which unfortunately, has little to do with the Spirit of 1966. After seeing FILLMORE, you're going to have different opinions about certain people because you will see them not as a name on the pages of Rolling Stone, but as people. It is because some of these people, plus ourselves, that FILLMORE is necessary.

CABARET [ABC]

I've had all I can stands and I can't stands no more! I've been sitting here, waiting. Waiting for someone to bring in a review of one of the finest movies I've ever seen, the one called CABARET. Even though movies are somewhat outside of my editorial range, and I'm risking I-don't-know-what by writing this, CABARET is worth it.

This film – if there is any justice in the world – will win the award as the best film of the year. Even though GODFATHER was good (but not great), CABARET is sublime. After all, what does it take to make a movie fantastic? The acting is flawless; the music – for the first time in any musical I've seen – is kept in a believable setting; the photography is evocative of the era, as well as being clean and precise; the historical accuracy is remarkable. The movie is utterly great.

Instead of filling a page with raves, I'm just going to suggest that you escape the summer's heat one of these days, and bring yourself to see one of the best movies of all time.

JB

Festival Of Folklife

A new event in the festival is a Fiddler's Convention on the Mall July 4th from 1 to 7 p.m. The contest is open to all fiddlers and string bands, with a minimum of three people and including at least one fiddler. Prizes are to be given in the following categories: individual fiddler, bluegrass band, old-time band, most unusual old-time tune, and most unusual old-time style. If you want to participate, you can pick up an entry blank at the Smithsonian, or call 381–5911 for more information.

Tribes from 10 New Mexican pueblos are in the Indian exhibition area this year. The tribes include representatives from the Taos, Santa Clara, Zuni, and Hopi Pueblos, the White Mountain Apaches, and the Pimas and Papagos of Arizona. Full scale replicas of several traditional Southwestern Indian dwellings are to be on view including a Navajo hogan and an Apache wickyup. A full-scale model of a two-story pueblo-style house is to serve as a crafts shop. Panel discussions will include: "Leadership and Indian Youth," "Ecology," and "Indian Water Rights."

For the second year, an exhibit area has been set aside for the "American Worker." You'll be able to see and hear sewing machines, power saws, furnaces and printing presses, including both modern color presses and a hand set press which uses a litho-stone quarried only in Bavaria. Other events will include: a cabinet-making contest among award-winning mill-cabinet makers, and a demonstration of the production of aluminum frying pans by the Molders Union.

Unions participating this year include: The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, and the American Federation of Musicians in cooperation with the Music Performance Trust Fund.

The Festival opens daily at 11 a.m. There are to be concerts throughout the day, as well as in the early evening hours. There will also be square dancing, Greek and Turkish dancing Indian tribal dancing, and blues and gospel workshops. Some of the events are listed in this issue's Calendar of Delights, but for more complete information, we suggest that you sashay on down to the Festival. It won't cost you nothin'.

As they were walking in downtown Baltimore one day last year, two Smithsonian researchers were surprised to hear Greek music floating down from a second story window. They stopped underneath the window to listen with visions of ouzo and retsina dancing in their inquisitive heads

As if to fulfill the researchers' fantasies, one of the musicians appeared and invited them to join a feast in celebration of a religious occasion, for which the musicians, who were originally from the Greek island of Karpathos, were providing traditional music.

During the celebration, the researchers decided to bring the Karpathian musicians, along with some of their friends of similar ethnic background, to the National Festival of Folk Life where we will be able to enjoy their music, pastries and coffee in a Greek coffeehouse, or taverna, on The Mall. And we'll be able to go to a celebration similar to the one the researchers attended – called "Glendi" – on the evenings of July 2 and 4.

Maryland is the featured state in this year's festival which is being held June 30 through July 4 on The Mall. In addition to the delegation of Greek background, samples of Maryland folk life will include the street vendors of Baltimore – known as "A-rabs" – their carts, fruits and vegatables, street cries, and horses. There will also be hunters, wood carvers and trappers from throughout the state, an exhibit of tools and the folklore surrounding root-digging in Western Maryland, and horses and owners from the state's "horse country." A special area at Hain's Point will accommodate a large exhibit of water traditons and skills from the Eastern Shore.

Pamela Polland

Well within the star-structured shelter a name-performer must build to protect his or her own, secret self (if it hasn't been sold yet), is an odd psychological antiquity called confidence.

It's alliance with ego debatable, logic almost always allows a larger-than-life chunk of said confidence to any of the million or so people who climb the stage every night to entertain the troops. Some chew and swallow it as a necessary vitamin within the industry, others feel the need to spit it into the face of all onlookers.

Pamela Polland is of the former and Kim Fowley is the latter. Leaving any coverage of Fowley to Richard Meltzer (catch it later this year in Rolling Stone), this time around, I'd like to share with you some information Pamela gave me during an interview while she was playing at the Cellar Door recently.

Way back around the Summer of Love, Pamela and Rick Stanley, surrounded by a changing band of friends, had a group sort-of-together, called the Gentle Soul. The group floundered continuously, wasting studio time and Columbia's money.

Producer Terry Melcher, in all of his unto-gether glory, was not much help and the few singles produced by this mass went nowhere. Switching to Epic to appease the Columbian biggies, Pamela and Rick, the singing and song-writing crux of the Soul were the only members of the group left when an album was finally gotten together.

Short on sidemen, they grabbed several talented friends such as Van Dyke Parks, Ry Cooder, Paul Horn, Larry Knechtel, and Jim Gordon (a supersession for its time) and recorded a pleasant but totally non-aggresive album. The album, now only a memory, wasn't happening so Pamela and her old man, Greg Copeland (who along with Tim Buckley, Steve Noonan and Jackson Browne, was one of the legendary Orange County Four), split for Europe.

Returning to her California nest with questions of "what's going on with me" on her mind and a decision not to push life, but to live it instead, she formed a group with Doug Hastings, Charlie Larkey and Grant Johnson, getting ready to play that LA launching pad, the Troubador.

Right before opening night Pamela realized she was operating on a false projection and her true essence wasn't what was coming through. She played the week out to mixed emotions, leaving the band, her husband and LA at the week's end.

Moving to Mill Valley, she spent these last three years "in total serenity and peace of mind and steady evolutional flow." She lived off publishing royalties (Anita Carter had a country hit single with Pamela's "Tulsa Country"), sporadic gigs at ten bucks a night and finally a two month tour with Mad Dogs and Englishmen. Being "the only one who didn't take drugs, the only one who didn't drink, the only one who didn't smoke, the only one that didn't eat meat and the only one who wasn't promiscuous," she says she still had great fun on the tour and was able to save her weekly salary because Joe Cocker paid for everything.

Gaining confidence and stability from all the high musical moments the tour provided, she returned to Mill Valley with a new approach to what she was all about and how to move it. Looking for a tree to tie her horse to, she decided to go with the Asylum family, all of whom were close to her head and heart.

However Asylum had no producers of its own and Pamela was turned onto George (local boy makes good) Daly, head of Columbia A&R in San Francisco. Loving each other from the start, technical hassles such as Daly's allegiance to Columbia and Pamela's memories of Gentle Soul, began to creep up. On the basis of a contractual clause that she would have direct access to President Clive Davis should the need arise, she sacrificed the family aspects of Asylum for the computer age technology of Columbia. She signed with them on the condition that she would get the top treatment in return for her total devotion to her career. Clive said "It's a deal." and for the year they've been together, she hasn't been disappointed once.

The album, full of her self-penned tunes, is a warm sensation, an odd assortment of love stories and fantasies done up in full breasted style by a true earth mama. Combining its pleasures with her live performance at the grand piano at the Cellar Door, it's not the same old shit.

A TRIP EAST by Mountaingoat

Haliss entered the midnight smoke of the pool hall and quickly scanned its inhabitants for a threat or a beauty. The smoke mingled with equal parts of lead-heavy water vapor of the Baltimore autumn evening. The room's many dishevelled long-haired white and scattered black night people smelled either of wine or speed sweat. Several eyes met her automatically expressionless face and ran up and down her body. Satisfied that there were no terrible threats or beauties, she stopped looking at anyone which was signal enough for Ricky to step out of the doorway behind her. They walked smoothly to the attendant for a set of balls and then to a table. Ricky pushed the hair behind his ears and stroked with his arm fully extended to break the pack of balls -- Crack -- and Brownie opened the back door of the two-story frame house called Ahimsa to announce with unabashed pride that dinner was ready. The others were intent on various activities and conversations, the words being pleasantly carried by cool sunny San Francisco Bay breezes. There was some short discussion about whether dinner should be in the dining room or in the back yard, and a quick consensus on the back yard. Whereupon four people went inside to bring the dinner outside, three people continued their several positions of Hatha Yoga, two people discovered that there was nothing to drink but tap water, one person asked anyone within range of his rather piercing voice where John was, tow people independently counted the number of people for dinner and were flattered and pleased, when their totals were only two people different. The food was set out on blankets within twenty minutes and the people of the back yard surrounded it with hungry eyes and stomachs. Even Charles was at dinner, which was cause for notice as very few people had ever seen Charles eat or sleep. But it was a special dinner because Joan was bringing her new son Ricky before the whole gathering for the first time. Before anyone started eating, Joan spoke:

This is Ricky,
who recently left his home in
my body
to become another member of
our community.
I will nurse him as I have that
capacity,
But I am only his friend now.
And I ask you to be as intimate
a friend to him as I.
Take care of him in his weak-
nesses
as we take care of each other
in our weaknesses.
And teach him of his real
parents --
the earth and sea and sky --
even as we learn of their ways.
Now we eat our dinner,
Ending life to continue our
life.
May the Spirit of these foods
find an open home in us,
And may we be as little afraid
when our life ends.

Ronnie, who had been for several hours before dinner sitting on a stump with knees pulled up under her chin watching the grass and mumbling sentence fragments that only she understood, ran wildly up to Joan as she finished talking, held her hand tightly and cried. She spoke slowly and with effort as though the words travelled a great distance from where they were conceived to her mouth:

You are delicate and pretty.
People admire the beauty of
your thoughts.
You are a flower of a person.
And I saw a flower in the
woods today.
It was called Haliss.
It was red, because a sparrow,
admiring the pretty white flo-
wer.
did not mind the hawk,
and it's blood dripped onto the
flower.
You should be called Haliss.

Joan stroked her face to calm her down and asked her to eat something with the others. So they all ate energetically, passing each other things, commenting on the quality of the cooking, visiting Ricky, rolling joints for the after dinner relax , arranged the battered stereo speakers to face the back yard, and enjoying numbers of other projects and fantasies. Buffalo Springfield played, joints were smoked, fog spread in from the coast, sweaters went on, and the light faded into purple and grey. -- Crack -- "Where do you live, Mam?" "I don't have an address, I mean they tore down our house and I don't have another place to live yet." Fatigue turned to tension and anger on Haliss' face as she pleaded with the bus station security guard to keep a drunk leathery young farm worker from putting his arm around her shoulders and making sexual remarks. She rested Ricky's two year old weight more and more on her hips as her arm grew tired. The guard passed a slow glance over her body and Ricky. "Well Mam, I don't see that this man has done nothin' wrong." She sighed resignation and walked quickly out into the dry hot skeleton streets of 11pm downtown Columbus. Half-human forms in doorways watched her look for a hotel that would take her three dollars for a night's sleep. The room she was given was slightly larger than the single bed inside it. She put her duffle bag along the foot of the bed and eased Ricky under the covers without waking him. She sat on the edge of the bed, semiconscious but unable to sleep after 48 hours of Trailways bus drone. She tried to eat some of the food Ricky had left over but gave up and looked out the grimy window at the head of the bed and saw the blackened shell of a large ancient burned-out office building whose only remaining trace of the beings once within was an enormous sign painted on the brick which proclaimed EAT TWINKIES. She finally slept, curled around Ricky, with dreams of violence. -- Crack -- Ricky had sunk the first two balls but missed the third. Haliss smiled at his frustration and at her chance to shoot until her eye was startled by the intrusion into the pool hall of a bright color. A short, old, heavily misshapen man wearing charity-given clothing and a large tray held level at his hips by a dirty strap around his neck. He approached the nearest table and indicated with gestures that he was deaf. Annoyed at the interruption of their game and amused at his uncommon appearance and disability, the young men of the first table stood around him grinning and passed some article of his merchandise between them just out of his reach. He guilelessly provided their amusement by passionately reaching out in every direction to recover his wares. After only a few minutes the players returned to their game and the old vendor hurried away with a look of worry, but approached the next table smiling without fear. He had come close enough for Haliss to see into his tray, and her breath froze in her chest as she recognized the red flowers. She walked to him staring at the flowers. "Why did you have to cut the flowers? Why couldn't you at least sell them growing in pots? . . ." and then bitterly soft to herself as she saw that he could not hear her "They're only dying beauty now, dying before their time so you could sell them to these people." Ricky, looking on, understood dimly from some stories she had told him before, and the old man just held a flower out to her thinking that she had asked to buy one.

MY GRANDFATHER THE VICTORY BOY

by Eve Edelson

Staring at the face of antiquity
Staring down all these years
At the face of my grandfather
The Victory Boy.
This youth awes me
He brings on me a curtain no
Tartar ancestor could raise
He stands half-defiantly
Very very straight proud
He wears a black armband for his father
And he is my father
In the face
In the stance
And in his steady excellence
The curtain is strange
It is only fifty-four years
Since that youth stood for that enduring capture of his essence
But then it is all of fifty-four years
Somewhere in the house
Lying amidst family history
I have the testament of a Victory Boy
Somewhere on yellowed paper
Five dollars for the Allies lies
Vouched for
And there my grandfather
The Victory Boy stands
Making a gateway for me into memory
And he awes me
because, maybe,
just for a moment
I can see me there.

THE FOUR HUNDRED POUND RAT by E.J. Green

They were together in the panelled room where books lined one wall and three logs were burning in the fireplace. The two boys and the father were on the carpet and the mother sat on an overstuffed chair, working a cross-word puzzle.

"Tell us a story, Dad," said the five-year old.

"Did I ever tell you about the big rat?" asked the father.

Two heads gave negative shakes.

"Okay," said the father. "You'll like this one. There was a four hundred pound rat who lived in the sewer. He usually stayed deep down in the dark depths where water dripped and nothing lived except a few spiders."

"Tell us about the plant that ate people," the five-year old interrupted.

"We heard that last night," his six-year old brother said.

The mother rustled the newspaper from the chair. "What ever happened to Peter Rabbit?" she asked.

"Let me finish," the father said. "The rat only came out late at night. He would push the sewer cover open with his nose and wait for a child to come by alone. Then suddenly he would scurry forth and his sharp teeth would close around a tender, juicy leg and he would drag his screaming victim back to his dank, gloomy liar."

"Tell about the fill-a-din-dum," said the five-year old.

"Just listen," the father continued. "Several days passed and no children had walked by the sewer cover and the rat was very hungry. In the dead of the night he came out to prowl around. He went to the nearest house and tried to push the front door open . . . but it was locked.

"Good," said the six-year old.

"Then he went around to the back and pushed open the redwood fence gate. He put his huge nostrils into the air and sniffed and smelled. . . little boys!"

Eyes widened. Lips were licked nervously.

"He tried to push open the glass patio doors but they were locked."

"Good," said the six-year old.

"He went to the laundry room door and scratched impatiently with a huge claw. It was open."

"That's our house!" cried the five-year old with delayed recognition.

"Yeah, and you left the door open," the six-year old accused.

"Big fat liar!" his brother screamed.

"Okay," the father went on, "The rat sniffed around in the family room and stopped right where we are sitting now and listened for noises but everyone was asleep. He crept stealthily into the kitchen and could smell cheese in the refrigerator but the door wouldn't open. Then his nostrils quivered because the smell of little boys floated down from upstairs. With his nose twitching, he moved into the foyer. Slowly, with a menacing curl, his lips pulled his gigantic front paws on the bottom step, brushing against the big, potted, split-leaf philodendron. All of a sudden the plant reached out with two fronds like grasping tentacles and ate the rat all up."

Silence.

"Well, was that a good story?"

"I don't believe that story," said the six-year old.

"Why?" the father asked.

"Rats don't get that big. They never get over three hundred pounds."

After the boys were in bed the man sat looking into the fire.

"We'll have to talk about this," the woman said.

The man said nothing. He picked up the iron poker and levered a log. Flames circled out from underneath.

"You know how I feel about those stories," she continued. "I can't believe you want them to go to bed thinking about four hundred pound rats and horrible plants. Don't you think they see enough of that nonsense on television?"

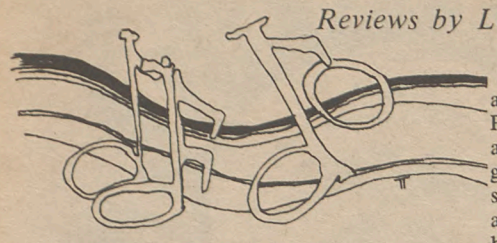
"I'm sure they see a lot of it," the man answered.

"Apparently," she concluded, "we aren't going to agree about this. I can't do anything about what you tell them when you exercise your visitation rights on Saturdays. And I really wouldn't mind if you spent some time with them in the evenings except for those stories. But I don't think you should come back here until Saturday."

The man put the poker down and watched the fire. The little rascals sure like those stories, he thought. On Saturday I'll tell them about the beast that lived in the basement.

LONGHAIR

Reviews by Louis C. Fantasia and Susan Cohn



WOLFTRAP GALA

There's something about the paraphenalia that attends Gala Opening Concerts that somehow obscures the musical part of the evening, although, with the Wolf Trap Gala on June 16, the music made all the ceremonies a little more bearable.

After a colorful display by the U.S. Marine Band and Color Guard and speeches by the director of Wolf Trap and Secretary Morton, Eugene Ormandy appeared, and the Philadelphia Orchestra began to play. The acoustics at Wolf Trap are slightly muffled, but quite good for an open air concert hall, so the rich warmth of the famous Philadelphia string section was not as stunning as usual; however, this orchestra, no matter what is still one of the finest in the world.

The opening work was an Ormandy arrangement of Bach's Toccata, Adagio & Fugue in C Major. With this arrangement, Maestro Ormandy transcended the usual stylistic limitations placed on the orchestration of Bach's music, so the final result rendered the composer's identity obscure: the work sounded like Beethoven or Mendelssohn at their most classic. Whether or not this rearrangement is acceptable is debatable, but no one can argue with the fine playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Their exquisite tone quality does not mean a lack of precision; even ornaments assigned to the slowly-responsive lower strings were played with a clarity that sounded like the playing of a soloist instead of an entire section.

The Bach was followed by Roy Harris' Symphony No. 1 (in one movement), a very "Amurrican" work that could have been the soundtrack for Our Town or The Rainmaker. The opening is interestingly scored for low instruments in an adagio that gradually becomes a pastorale and dances reminiscent of Copland's western pieces. Tone color and rhythmic interest are the keys to this work, and, of course, both were expertly handled by the orchestra.

After more speeches and a very long presentation of an honorary membership card in Local 22 of the Stage Employee's Union to Mrs. Shouse (at about which time I forgot why I was sitting in the audience at Wolf Trap), the second half of the program got underway with Mahler's First Symphony, performed here with the recently discovered Blumine Movement interpolated as the second movement. This Mahler sounds like the work of a Viennese Charles Ives with bits of folk tunes and dance melodies wound through the music. With numerous French horn passages, careful woodwind scoring, and a wonderful trumpet solo in the second movement, the Symphony evokes visions of woodland and mountain settings, aural picture postcards. The performance of this symphony was a perfect complement to the rustic setting and casual atmosphere of Wolf Trap Park.

This season at Wolf Trap seems to be varied and of high quality, and the prices range widely to fit various budgets. Only two stray jets from Dulles ventured by; whether this is standard or not, one can't tell. And even if it's 90° in the city, the evening breeze out in the Vienna woods is refreshingly chilly. The more I see of Wolf Trap, the more I like it – it's going to be a fun summer.

Susan Cohn

A CRITIC'S PROGRESS

Today's installment was to have been a feature story on or about the last effort of the Washington Civic Opera Society at the Kennedy Center, "Cinderella." However, such is not to be, thanks mainly to an overzealous Capitol Policeman who firmly believed that I looked nothing at all like a reporter and that nobody was going to be admitted while rehearsal was in progress. Which really was the entire point of the story, because I was unable to make the performance last Saturday night. I'm certain that Daymon Runyon or Paul Hume would have gotten the story (or made it up as they went along), but being new at this I just stormed out of the Kennedy Center, roaring obscenities down the Hall of States, and spent the rest of Saturday afternoon getting sloshed enough to recover my slightly wounded ego.

Saturday evening I spent getting very damp at Wolf Trap watching and listening to the Philadelphia Orchestra play Wagner, Sibelius and Bartok. The Philadelphia is as amazing a group to watch as they are to listen to. Each string section moves as one player to make an accent here, a tremelo there. Woodwinds and brass breathe absolutely as one organ. Ormandy takes his bows atop the podium. The orchestra does not stand for any recognition before the second half begins. At the end of the concert Ormandy, who conducts without a score now, walks around to his front-desk people and warmly shakes their hands, as if to say "Good job. I'll expect the same tomorrow night." Which, of course, he will get. This is one of the benefits for an orchestra to be under a great conductor for a long tenure (Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony and Szell at Cleveland are two other examples). The orchestra becomes one man's instrument, responding to his slightest indication. And a certain sound as distinctive as that of Stern's violin or Rostropovich's cello comes into being. This sort of music making is impossible even in a five or six year reign or when the orchestra is subjected to a string of guest conductors as is too often the case today.

A prime example of this is the current season of summer concerts by the National Symphony at the Kennedy Center. This series started off solidly enough under the baton of the new associate conductor, James De Priest. Let's get the record straight from the beginning, when the program says "De Priest Conducts Tschaikowsky" or "De Priest Conducts Brahms" or the upcoming concerts dedicated to the music of Mozart and Beethoven, this is not a Koussevitsky or Walter or Ormandy interpretation, but an extremely solid rendition of the standard repetoire. Okay.

Things soon begin to go into a nose dive. First there is Isiah Jackson, a young black conductor from Julliard and the Baltimore Symphony who has studied with Stokowski. The only thing I think he has learned from the Maestro is that some conductors don't use a baton. Having chosen to go this route, he slashes through the air with the greatest of ease in a close approximation of the tempo that the orchestra has chosen. In a program of Prokofiev, Ravel, Debussey and Stravinsky, he succeeded in managing to make all four sound as one. No small accomplishment. Ruth Laredo, who is an extremely fine pianist, gave forth some brilliant playing in the very jazzy Ravel concerto. But it never seemed to me as though she and Jackson were on the same wave length.

Things went from bad to worse on the following Tuesday when Morton Gould took over. Gould was the golden boy of music back when Radio City Music Hall meant more than the Rockettes. His popular music (like the patriotic American Salute) have made him the musical hero of middle America, second only to Leroy Anderson and Arthur Fiedler. Gould too, conducts with out a stick and subsequently without a beat. It really is too bad that some have gotten as far as he has –as conductor – without being able to cut the mustard. The "highlight" of the concert was his own Dance Variations for orchestra and two pianos, which was written in that period in Americana when Tin Pan Alley tried to walk into Symphony Hall and the concert world, for a minute or two, enjoyed letting its hair down. Then, perhaps, this piece worked, but to my sensibilities, it sounded contrived, bland and ultimately boring. Whittimore and Lowe – the Ferrante and Tiecher of the WWII set – really didn't have too much to do except bang off a few percussive chords every now and then.

Also on the program was the Robert Browning Overture of Charles Ives, which is by no means easy or often played and I will give Gould credit for bringing it out. It's a pity he couldn't keep those players who were not lost half the time from laughing on the stage. Ives is a terribly logical composer if you know where to look for the logic. The program ended with a rousing performance of the Francesca da Rimini Overture of Tschaikowsky, which made everyone feel very happy.

Louis C. Fantasia

NATIONAL GALLERY

Donald Boothman's recital at the National Gallery of Art on June 10 was a fine example of bass-baritone singing. His voice is well-suited to the program he selected, a primarily Romantic selection, and his rich, smooth sound was an excellent vehicle for projection of these pieces. My general complaint with the entire program was that Boothman's piano singing was submerged the entire evening, perhaps due to the acoustics of the Gallery.

The first half of the program was devoted to the songs of Max Reger (1873-1916) and his Swiss pupil, Othmar Schoeck (1886 - 1957). Both composers represent the late part of the Romantic period, although these pieces are not as lush and chromatic as others of this time. Boothman's German diction is precise, as is his pitch focus.

The second half of the program featured the first performance of Return by Herman Berlinski, a Washington composer whose wife, Sina, was Mr. Boothman's accompanist. The work is comprised of four poems by Walter De La Mare, Demetrios Capetanakis, Karl Shapiro, and Conrad Aiken, and the music, while strong in the contemporary idioms, reflects a Romantic heritage. The closing work, a collection of five songs by Rachmaninoff, was well-handled by Boothman, whose Russian sounded more authentic than just a memorization of transliteration.

The enthusiastic audience was rewarded with two encores, one of which was "All Through the Night," sung in Welsh and English. It was a very solid performance, a fine opportunity to hear little-performed music sung by an excellent voice.

S.C.

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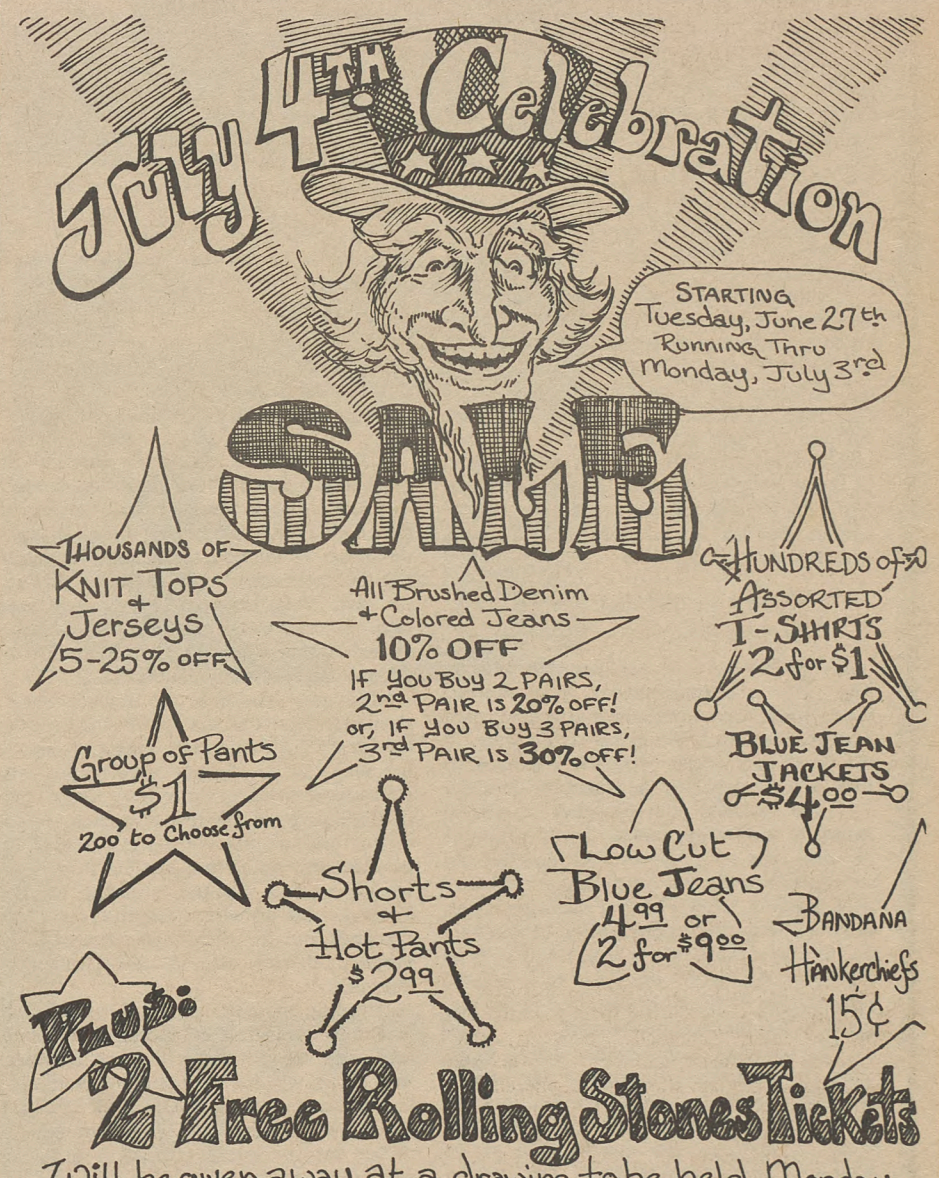
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PERFORMANCE

Reviewed by Jay Alan Quantrill

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS
Wayside Theatre, Middletown, Va.

Neil Simon's latest hit to be released to stock companies is the 1969 - 70 comedy, THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS. It starred James Coco, the balding, plumpy actor who (without being insulting) has a comic look about him. And this I think was necessary, and should be done whenever possible. An actor's appearance is so important that I am sometimes amazed when the curtain goes up and the most improbable looking actors are playing roles they are not visually suited for, whether or not they may be temperamentaly suitable. True, no particular appearance is necessary for the role of Barney Cashman in THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS, but a certain comedic quality helps. This became evident when I went to the Wayside Theatre in not-so-far-away Middletown, Virginia, to see their production of the play. An excellent actor, veteran Gene Gross played the part of Barney in the three one-acts in which he attempts an affair with three different women, in his mother's apartment.

Whether or not he succeeds, you will only find out by seeing it yourself. What is important is that Gene Gross doesn't look at all like James Coco, which is okay. But what he looks like is too close to the tragic aspect of the character. I mean, he was so believable that the truths of Simon's dialogue became more painful than they should have. Norman Gevanthor's direction was simple and direct, very naturalistic, no particular stylization and this all served the production well enough, but at times the characters tend to become preachy about their problems and their views of the world, and they need all the help they can get from director and actor alike, including the looks of the leading man. Gene Gross could play a romantic lead quite well, James Coco couldn't. No one would take him seriously. That's part of the point.

The ladies of the ensemble were good. Cara Duff-MacCormick (yes, that's her name) was enchanting, delightful, and all together fine in the role of the spaced-out chick who turns Barney on to grass. Halo Wines played the first woman in Barney, the restauranteur's secret life, but she played it with more venom than wise-ass-manship and became more antagonistic than I think the script demanded. Nina Dova, playing Barney's friend's wife, was good as Barney's friend's wife, but she wasn't that funny.

I guess we've just got to face the fact that everything Simon writes isn't hilarious. It has meaning and purpose. It has the old pith and movement. Yet everyone still expects to bust a gut laughing at the laughmaker. THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS is a tragicomedy of major proportions. The Wayside's version directed by Norman Gevanthor shows us this more than we want, perhaps; certainly more than the Broadway production demonstrated. But maybe, just maybe, Neil Simon would prefer it this way!

TOMMY and HIP AND STRAIGHT
› Kennedy Center Opera House

TOMMY's in town. As if you didn't know. And what a disappointment. The recorded sound track played over the p.a. system could have been accepted. The visual effects were for the most part rather attractive and satisfactory to their ends. But the staging of the piece . . . the so-called choreography. . . was so empty of real feeling, was so heavily possessed of mime, was so confused in its message, and so undramatically put forth that it held very little interest, from a critical theatrical/dance point of view. The score will be commented on by others more into it than I, but as far as the total impact of the piece as a balletic presentation of the story described in the program, it falls far short of the mark.

The company, Les Grandes Ballets Canadiens, is competent though not particularly well disciplined (you should see the Harkness troupe for discipline). They are an engaging group of dancers, but they've little to do thanks to their choreographer. The curtain-raiser, a little pastiche of mod and classical ballet called HIP AND STRAIGHT looked like something from the Dean Martin Show. . . a kind of "introduction to the dance for the tube watcher." Only in the final moments, when the theme became explicit, did the piece hold any real interest. In those final moments one classical dancer performed the classic version of a movement performed by a mod dancer, both to the same music; if the ballet had started here and gone somewhere with this, it could have been something to take note of. As it is, it takes twenty minutes to make a point.

The company looks like it could do some real dancing. Perhaps the strain of touring these two pieces causes what looks like a lack of discipline. I don't know. But I'd like to see them do something else; just to see.

THE EFFECTS OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS

Olney Stage

The difference between theatre and life is that drama distills what life consists of: and the distillation needs an electricity of its own to hold an audience. While watching the Olney Stage version of Paul Zindel's THE EFFECTS OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS, the differentiation becomes clear and important.

Director Leo Brady has, as is his usual wont given us a lean production which allows the author's words to come through, but which lacks the impact that I feel was the author's intent. The wise cracking mother, does less wise cracking than pure bitching: her abuse of the dottering old lady boarder has no self-mocking bite, only meaness. Her self-centered touchy, scornful attitude towards her two daughters seems less a result of disillusionment, frustration, and loneliness, than pure vicious self-pity. In other words, the production is void of the electrical charge which made it a long runner and won it a Pulitzer Prize. The fault lies both in direction and in the performance by the leading lady, Meg Myles. Miss Myles was seen to constantly pull her punches when throwing a barb or hurling an insult, so that with the instantaneous sting removed, the deadly purpose hangs up in the air. And this is a role filled with self-mockery which needs to sting, not to beat us down with deadly thuds.

The rest of the cast was excellent, though Vivienne Shubb as the old lady who never says a word, seemed to be over-doing it a bit with the charming acknowledgements of the insults she obviously couldn't comprehend or even hear except as noise. The two daughters were quite good, Kathryn Baumann as the unattractive little girl with the marigolds was particularly beguiling in her belief in life and her acceptance of the reality she knew. Cecilia Ridett made a one speech part into the most entertaining moment of the evening.

It's a competent, but unexciting version. Pity!

DAMES AT SEA
Hayloft Dinner Theater, Manassas, Va.

The Hayloft is the area's only full-time professional dinner theater and thus should be expected to take the lead. With its specially designed facility and full time staff of actors, directors, technicians, and cooks, the Hayloft has the potential to provide dinner theatre at its best. They even have their own scene-shop and costume sewing room. So, we should expect nothing but the best from this full-fledged operation.

The latest edition in the Hayloft canon of theatrical events is the recent Off-Broadway hit DAMES AT SEA. It's a musical spoof on the shows of the thirties, with the backstage atmosphere thick as the syrupy songs, sailors on shipboard and star-struck ingenues, femmes fatales, and all that razzmatazz. The score is reminiscently delightful, but the story is even weaker on stage that in the reading. Yet Hayloft has come up with a beautiful cast to play the parts and the thing's just perfect for the terraced theater out in the farmland of Manassas.

Heading the cast is Mary June Wills, who played in the Hayloft's first musical, CABARET, and, on occasion, took over the lead of that show, which I thought she should have had all along. Well, in DAMES AT SEA, Mary June shows off the kind of performing which makes for successful careers. A little more work on her voice, which isn't up to the range or power of some of the songs, and Miss Wills would be anybody's match for a leading lady. Bill McClary and Steve Anthony play the young sailors, both well-scrubbed, bright gleaming smiles, and with all the stock chorus-boy reactions required. Mr. Anthony seems a bit more at home with the style of the piece than does Mr. McClary, but that may be due to the fact that Anthony has done the show before, with Mamie Van Doren, if you can believe that. James Hobson plays two roles, the middle-aged producer of the show that seems doomed, and the captain of the ship on which the show is finally given its opening night performance. Hobson has been with the Hayloft since its beginning, and has been called on to fill a wide variety of roles. Both of those he plays in DAMES AT SEA are well filled, but there's not too much to them. Too bad, Hobson's shown promise. Ilona Dulaski, another regular, plays the wisecracking, Joan Blondell-type part with wisdom, but without inspiration, and Jean Anne Kain, who possesses far and away the best voice of the whole ses far and away the best voice of the whole company does justice to the femme fatale, but the direction of this part and, to a great extent, the whole show, so lacked the precision required that it appears more as a fuzzy look backward than a sharply defined spoof of a character and an "art" form once revered by us all.

The settings are among the best Hayloft has turned out, which is definitely an asset, and the costumes, while occasionally showing a lack of attention to the principles of design, were adequately executed. One of the most important aspects of design, for both sets and costumes, is that of fitting the picture to the finished product. That is to say, if a performer ahs one particularly bad feature, designs should be created that not only do not accentuate it, but, in fact, tend to hide it, or to compensate for it. Enough said, you'll see for yourself. The lighting situation has improved, but there still seems to be an inordinate use of the follow spots. The choreography is another case of fitting the design to the situation. The stage at the Hayloft is below the line of sight of everyone in the audience save the front rows; thus tap dancing, which is solely dependent on the action of the feet, and not on the rest of the body, is lost to the majority of the audience. And, since this show requires tap dancing of the first order, the problem is doubly difficult, though not insurmountable. As a result of the current situation, most of the audience sits and watches the performers smiling along as they make all that tapping noise, never really certain what's going on.

But these are details, not to be ignored, but not so overwhelming as to ruin the show. It's not the funniest thing on the stage, it's merely joyfully pleasant. I'm sure you'll like it. And the food is great. But who are those little extra girls they shoved into the chorus line. . . they sure don't belong there.

LEFT: a high-flying member of the Virsky Ukrainian Dance Company in a dramatic moment from the Dnieper Cossack Dance. ABOVE High leaps are basic elements of the Gopak which concludes the colorful program.

Grigori Chapkis, an Honored Artist of the U.S.S.R., is seen here as a soloist in Polzunetz.

Vladimir Zastrozhnov and Viktor Pebezhimov leap over their swords in the exciting Dnieper Cossack Dance.

Ukrainian Dance Company

The Virsky Ukranian Dance Company's Cossack chorus line has got to be to women what the Rockettes used to be to men, because watching their performance at Wolf Trap, I felt like a dirty old lady – although I like to think that my interest in well-trained, well-held male bodies is aesthetic rather than sexual.

My being taken with the men in the company is not entirely due to lechery (she rationalizes again), for in the type of Russian/Ukrainian dancing the Virsky Company brought us, it is the men who have the dominant role. The women are mainly ornamental, a frilly, handkerchief-waving contrast to their macho men, their cossacks who ride and drink and fight and drink and sing and drink and drink and dance. And by the time they get around to the dancing, they're theoretically so full of drink that they are capable of any athletic feat. They start by tossing off a few dozen kousatskies apiece and then kick and leap into more breathe-taking dance acrobatics, each man trying to outdo his predecessor. The climax is a frenzy of twelve-foot high leaps and a few somersaults and one-knee kousatskies thrown in just in case you're not impressed. And I have to admit that as jaded as I'd like to appear, I sometimes found myself so awestruck by the cossacks that I had to remind myself to applaud.

Though I enjoyed it, I'm sure this kind of dancing is not for everyone. It is a non-intellectual, non-technical form of dance, and to like it you have to love your gritty body, love everyone else's gritty body, love the earth and love the potatoes you've been harvesting from that earth for two thousand million years.

One drawback to watching a performance of folk dances – regardless of national origin – is that you and I are likely to want to run up on the stage and join the performers, for folk dance has never been meant to be performed and watched, but rather to be danced.

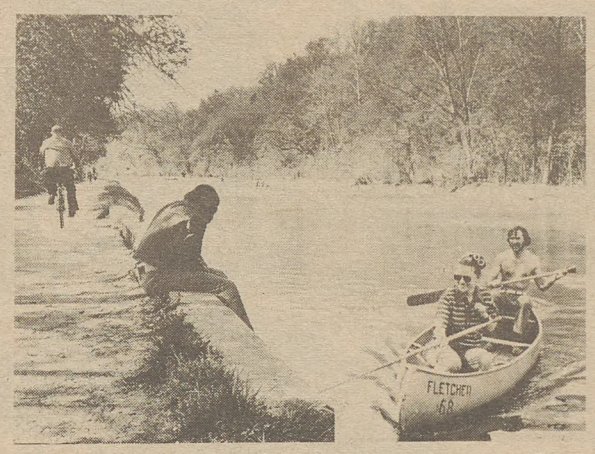
Perhaps because of this participatory quality, the dance company decided it needed a few pieces to keep the audience in their seats. For whatever reasons, the company has added a couple of programmatic numbers to their repertoire. One of them has to do with a puppet show. Another is representational of trees and features typical Soviet heroic poses which reminded me of an Isadora Duncan film I saw on TV. Although both use folk dance footwork, neither is folk dance at all, but some kind of bastard ballet/modern/folksy combination that I could have done without.

But I'll write these pieces off to a possibly necessary change of pace, and thank the Virsky Company for a stunning performance.

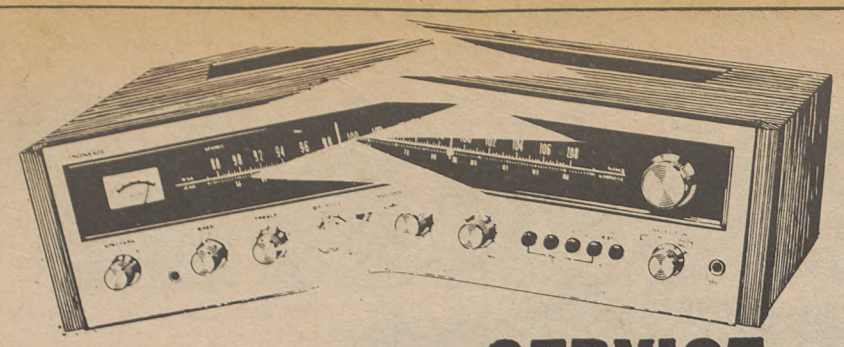
Also, I'd like to ask the women of the company where I can learn that Ukrainian women's squeal. Listen, it goes something like "yi-yi-yi-yi-i-i."

Maybe if I practice all summer I'll get that squeal right. The footwork can wait 'til Fall.

J.W.



PHOTOS BY Bruce Douglas



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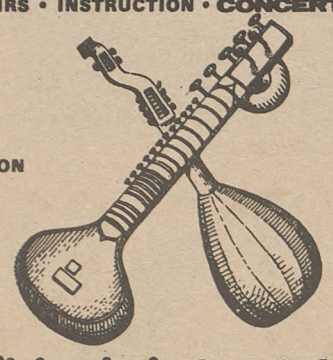

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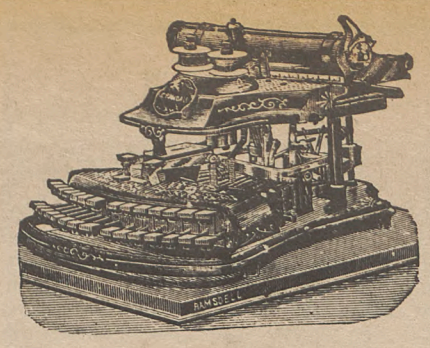

BOOKS

Great news for SF/F people. There's now a new publishing company, DAW, which is only putting out Science Fiction. The publisher, Donald A. Wollheim – for whom the company is named – has been around the field for some thirty-odd years. He's been a writer, editor, anthologist, and generally, a fan. Because of his expertise, the books coming from DAW promise to be worth reading. An additional, pleasurable note: all the stories to come from DAW will be original, never-before-published works, or, in the case of short stories, never-before-anthologized.

To date, DAW has produced four books. Unfortunately, I've only gotten around to reading three of them. The fourth, Andre Norton's SPELL OF THE WITCH WORLD, is just sitting there on my shelf, waiting for me, but I just haven't found the time. The others, though, are very, very enjoyable.

THE MIND BEHIND THE EYE, by Joseph Green [191 pp., $.95, paper] is a slowly paced, extremely well written novel. The story is set in the not too distant (probably) future. The UN seems to have things in hand, but there is still a scientific race between the US and the USSR. This time, instead of missles, the mode of combat is the genetic development of homo superior. The competition is very down-played, though, as Earth is having a bit of a problem with some ET's called "The Exterminators."

This is not one of those "fighting off the slimy green thingies" stories which resulted in lessening the reputation of SF/F. Instead, Green has given us a well thought out, entirely plausible, story of man in the throes of a crise de conscience. Green's man, Gold, is one of the two homo superiors. He doesn't quite come from Krypton, as a matter of fact, he's just a slightly better coordinated, irresponsible man. He also seems to be sterile. He's forced to face himself and a developing consciousness in terms of love, war, and responsibility. Green does this so well as to make the reader squirm as the protagonist does, in the discomfort of consciousness.

Reviewed by John Burgess

THE BOOK OF VAN VOGT [151 pp. $.95 paper] is a collection of seven of the newest stories by A.E. Van Vogt, one of the hottest new writers in the SF/F genre. Two of his previous books, SLAN and THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER, have earned him such acclaim as to thrust him into the realm of the masters of the trade. While he's not one of my favorites, I must admit of his brilliance. He is sensitive, sensual, and fascinating in his explorations of "inner space," but, I feel, just a little too commonly "now" in his style.

The first story, "The Timed Clock," has the deliberateness of Bradbury and the mystery of Dahl. It's a soft story with the faint crackling of paradox just beneath the surface. But, like the latest Bradbury, tends to drag on far too long. "Barbarian" is quite sensual, which is strange considering that it deals with the theme of man vs. technology. But, we find that man, even in the far distant future, is confronted with the same philosophical problems; still faced with his destiny. "Did that mean that. . . man controlled the universe or that the universe controlled man?" The final story, "Lost: Fifty Suns," also deals with the destiny of man, this time in the context of man facing up to his past and still being able to go on into the future. Again, this is a well told story, though a bit slow.

J.B.

THE PROBABILITY MAN, by Brian N. Ball, [179 pp. $.95, paper] is the DAW release that I enjoyed most. I'm thoroughly enraptured by the whole time/parallel (alternate) universe/probability thing. I was caught by this book and found it delightful the second time around. The story is the furthest possible extension of intellectual gaming: because of a people-polluted universe, man is forced to go into historical/fictional settings to live -- and die. Man must find himself in the "Frames" – as these sets are called – and it is with the "director of the Frames" and his incredible entrourage that the story deals.

The Probability Man, or "Springarn" as he is known, has introduced the random factor into the myriad universes of the Frames. To escape punishment for the results of his actions, he has fed himself into the Frames, also at random. He is finally found, after losing nearly all of his past, and forced to undo his meddling. Why he did it and how he undoes it are the story; and a wonderful story it is.

There are great things happening in SF/F these days. New writers are appearing all the time. Older ones, like Asimov, Sturgeon, and Heinlein are still turning out fantastic works. In the future, we will try to keep you informed about as much of what is coming out as is possible. We also welcome your comments and suggestions as to how we might better do this.

J.B.

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COUNTERNOTES

Reviewed by Bruce Rosenstein

ACE – Bob Weir – (Warner Brothers)

No doubt Grateful Dead freaks have already picked this one up within two days of its release, and nobody's going to be disappointed with it. With a band as talent-laden as the Dead, it's necessary to have outlets like solo albums for members like Weir and Jerry Garcia, since their energies cannot be confined to the band framework alone. With both writing songs which might not fit into the Dead's set, these albums are a good opportunity to show another side of their talents. I doubt if you'd find the Dead doing "Mexicali Blues," with its Mariachi beat punctuated by Tower of Power's horn section, or "Walk in The Sunshine," a song of "free advice." There is a Weir song the Dead have recorded, "Playing In The Band," which runs over seven and a half minutes, but the rest of the material is fresh. The hardest rock comes on "One More Saturday Night," which is almost exactly like CCR's "Travellin' Band," namely right out of the Little Richard songbook. The real highlights are "Looks Like Rain," a slow ode to a departed lover with Garcia playing pedal steel, and "Cassidy," Weir's song for the legendary fifties Beat figure Neil Cassidy (Dean Moriarty of Kerouac's On The Road) whom the Dead previously sang about in "He Had To Die" on ANTHEM OF THE SUN. The song is one of the few around that can make you cry, one of the two collaborations with Dead lyricist Bob Hunter, the other being "Playing In The Band." Most of the others are written by Weir and someone named Barlow, who is not further identified.

The Dead are now back in the States after their European tour, and there may be an LP coming in a couple of months. For now, ACE should satisfy enough appetites till the whole crew records again.

HOT WACKS – The Wackers – (Elecktra)

The Wackers are America's counterpoint to Badfinger. Their style is based totally on mid-sixties Beatles music; and they do it admirably. While much of the time I get the feeling that Badfinger is merely copying the old Beatles sound, the Wackers sound like they really mean it, and like they really enjoy it. The band is now in its third incarnation, beginning five years ago as the Family Tree, then becoming lost in Elektra's 1969 flood of hype as Roxy, and this is their second album as the Wackers. Their rock is usually very smooth, the only time they really rock out is on "Wait And See." They do a faithful version of John Lennon's "Oh My Love" and much of the material, especially "We Can Be" sounds as if it were written years ago by Lennon and McCartney. There are times when I would like the Wackers to rock a bit harder in the vein of "Wait And See," and I believe they do on stage, but the steadiness of the easy rock and the light, harmony-perfect ballads carry HOT WACKS well enough. Their current single, "I Hardly Know Her Name," clocking in at an oh-so-economical 1:49 is so wonderful that its status as a single and its position of first cut on the album becomes very clear.

The Wackers have frozen a particular time period in popular music and present it as if it were 1965. For many of us, we can enjoy it while thanking them for remembering and caring, for others who didn't grow up on it, HOT WACKS is a good album to see what music was paving the way for the "progressive groups" of today.

FOGHAT – (Bearsville)
HELLBOUND TRAIN –Savoy Brown – (Parrot)
ROCKED OUT! – Warren Phillips and the Rockets – (Parrot)

Savoy Brown's latest album is called HELLBOUND TRAIN. It doesn't sound much like Savoy Brown. It isn't particularly good. Foghat's new album sounds like the old Savoy Brown, only better. It is quite good.

Foghat is built around ex-Savoys Tony Stevens, Lonesome Dave Peverett, and Roger Earl, along with Rod Price. They broke from Savoy two albums ago, and bring to their debut album the drive and feel of the best of their work with the old group, but much more excitement. They've pretty much forsaken the blues for overpowering, irresistable hard rock. If you think (as I did) that no one could record songs like "Maybelline" and "I Just Want To Make Love To You" and give them some life, then dig Foghat's versions. Their "Trouble Trouble" is a fine companion to Procul Harum's "Whisky Train" in the realm of down-and-out drinkers' songs. Crushing

hard rock as displayed on "Highway" and "A Hole To Hide In" is seldom heard these days. FOGHAT, produced by Dave Edmunds, has got itself one of the finest debut LP's around, and it's a pity that the band now calling itself Savoy Brown doesn't sound this good.

Lead guitarist Kim Simmonds is the lone holdover from the old group, so the name Savoy Brown doesn't mean much anymore. Instead of the old hard blues-rock sound, Simmonds now plays no blues, with chief influences centering around other American musics; soul and Sun Records (now identified with Creedence Clearwater Revival) rock. He pulls the latter off well enough, especially on "Doin' Fine" and "If I Could See An End," but the rest just doesn't make it. It sounds all right the first couple of listenings, but the old spirit the group once possessed must have left along with the members of Foghat and ex-lead singer Chris Youldon. Simmonds doesn't quite dominate the album, as organist Paul Raymond gets his licks in, but Kim is responsible for the songs, and they are not of the quality we associate with top-notch bands. If you have the money and the faith to buy an album for two or three good cuts, you may as well pick up HELLBOUND TRAIN, if not, I'd suggest one of the earlier LP's, like BLUE MATTER or A STEP FURTHER, but FOGHAT is a must.

As a sidelight, the members of Foghat put out an impossibly obscure album two years ago of old rock and roll songs like "Matchbox" and "Be-Bop-A-Lula" and "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," called ROCKED OUT! by "Warren Phillips and the Rockets," with a hideously cheap cover that you may find in a bargain bin, and it's worth the 47¢ - $1.98 you may have to pay for it. Now all that's missing is the re-emergence of Chris Youldon.

BANG – (Capitol)

The promotional material that came with this album said "Enjoy A Bang Today!" and "Questions" sounds like a forgotten single by the Shadows of Knight or the Barbarians, but outside of that there's little to recommend about these heavy metal kids. They sound like the 14th carbon copy of Black Sabbath, and the original is bad enough. "Questions" is definitely worth it, though, and that's on a single so you'll only have to blow a buck on the whole deal. By the way, there's no truth to the rumor that department stores are selling the album with tubes of airplane glue, Romilar and a pair of old shoelaces.

GRAVE NEW WORLD – Strawbs – (A&M)

A grave new album. For the past few years the Strawbs have been purveyors of British folk music, and quite successful at it. Now, with their third album to be released in the U.S., their creative powers appear to be on the wane. Many changes have gone down since their last LP, FROM THE WITCHWOOD; not the least of which came last summer when Rick Wakeman packed up his keyboards and headed for the greener fields of Yes. It's difficult to say if Wakeman's departure is the major reason for the eroding of the Strawb's sound, but it had to be prominent. Also, Tony Visconti, the man behind T. Rex and the early Move, is no longer producing; and that is a big factor.

This is supposed to be a concept album about the downfall of the world, but unfortunately it also demonstrates the Strawbs on the same path. Except for "Tomorrow," "Queen of Dreams" and "Benedictus," GRAVE NEW WORLD sadly doesn't make it. About the only interesting things left are Dave Cousins' strange voice and the old world lyrics. In spite of all this, GRAVE NEW WORLD is a gigantic hit in England; their biggest ever, which just shows that nothing is predictable. FROM THE WITCHWOOD is a highly recommended album. Its successor, although it may look more appealing, certainly isn't.

LIVE AT MAX'S KANSAS CITY – The Velvet Underground – (Cotillion)

The liner notes point out that this could be considered the first legitimate bootleg album, and that's not far from the truth. The Velvets played a month-long gig at Max's during the summer of 1970, before the release of their best album, LOADED. Three songs, "Sweet Jane," "Lonesome Cowboy Bill" and "New Age," are in this set from that album. A friend of the band, Brigid Polk, recorded the band from the audience on a cassette player, so the quality isn't too good, and it's obviously mono only. I think that there should be a sticker on the front advising this, so people who would be offended by the bootleg-like quality won't get burned. Then again, the list price is a mere $3.99.

But if you are a true Velvet Underground Freak, you'll not only not be bothered by the method of reproduction, but you'll come to like it. It's a must for Velvet people, with good live performances of "I'm Waiting For The Man," "Beginning To See The Light," "Sunday Morning," and others form the Velvet's long career. What I really like about it is that it was recorded, not in a huge auditorium or concert hall – where all you can hear is the screaming of bombed-out 15 year olds and wild applause – but in a small club where you can hear that everything's not perfect, where you can hear some of the people in the audience, the band tuning a little moving around on stage, and the short, nervous raps of Lou Reed, in the beginning and inbetween songs: "Good evening, we're called the Velvet Underground, and you're allowed to dance, in case you don't know, and, ah, that's about it . . . ." and his curt refusal to numerous requests for "Heroin" from the first album, "We don't do that song anymore." He tells the people that there will be a short break, and then they'll be back, followed by a song, and then the end of the first side. A band member asks someone in the audience: "You got a down? What is it? A Tuinol?"

The Velvet Underground made a lot of good rock music for the world since their start in 1965, but they did especially well in that one month two years ago. The public's response to the magnificent LOADED was one of indifference, and the group has since broken up. But Lou Reed's recently released solo LP makes the spirit live on, and LIVE AT MAX'S KANSAS CITY, bootleg quality and all, is as valuable an album as is available. It and Reed's album have made things a lot easier for me lately.

THE SIDEWINDERS – (RCA)

When I first heard this album I thought I'd enjoy it a lot more than I do now. The Sidewinders, who look to be barely out of their teens, are a rock 'n' roll group in the great tradition of bands such as the Flamin' Groovies and Grin, but their youthful exuberence doesn't quite pull them through. Their playing has a lot of guts, but their material is just so-so. "Bad Dreams" is nice, as is their version of the venerable "The Bumble Bee," and lead singer Andy Paley manages to sound almost exactly like Lou Reed on "Told You So," but their set is mighty uneven. Still, some more experience and another album or two could make them big.

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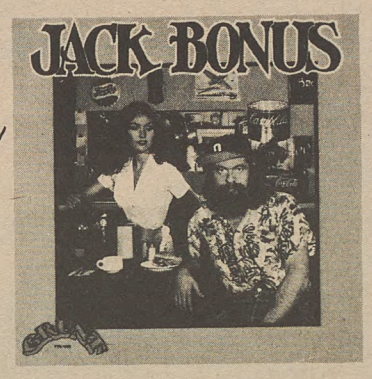

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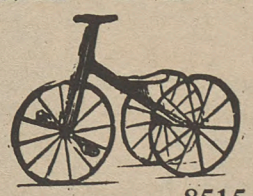

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Advisors to the Committee are: Charles Blitzer, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; Ethel Butler, choreographe; Colin (Topper) Carew, director of the New Thing; George Gelles, dance critic for the Evening Star; Sam Gilliam Jr., painter, Lily Polk Guest, Chairman of the Friends of the Kennedy Center; Claire Haywood, director of the Capitol Ballet Company; Patrick Hayes, impressario; Paul Hume, Post music critic; Sharon Bell Mathis, writer; Jack Perlmutter, director of the Corcoran School of Art; Katherine Anne Porter, writer; George Stevens Jr. of the American Film Institute; and Tony Taylor, impressario. Artists needing assistance should contact the committee in care of the D.C. Commission on the Arts, Room 543, 1329 E Street, NW, or call 629–5123.

GRAPHICS of M.C. Escher and Ben Shahn, along with those of 19 other artists, will be on exhibit at the Mickelson Gallery through August 2. Located at 707 G Street, NW, the gallery is open 9:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekdays, and 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays. But never on Sunday.

THREE RESEARCH SEMINARS will be given at the Folger Institute of Renaissance and 18th Century Studies this fall. "Literature, Learning and Politics," an investigation of the role of learning and the uses of scholarship in English literature, politics and law from Elizabeth through the Restoration, will be led by David S. Berkowitz, professor of history at Brandeis. "Renaissance Kingship in France," which will emphasize the ceremonial and art-historical aspects of rulership from the late medieval period to the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV – with many readings in French – will be led by Ralph Geisey, professor of history at the University of Iowa. "Luther and the Medieval Heritage" will be led by Hermann E. Scheussler, professor of History at the University of Maryland. Priority in enrollment will be given to graduate students and post-doctoral scholars from the four sponsoring universities (American, GW, Maryland, and West Virginia), but as space is available, applicants from other institutions will be admitted. Deadline for applications is September 1. For more information contact the Director of Research activities at the Folger, 201 East Capitol St., Washington, D.C. 20003.

NEW YORK BAR AND GRILL is the name of the first book put out by a new publishing house, Arbour Press, which started out in New York but is mulling over moving its operations to Washington because most of the people involved are Washingtonians. The publishing house is a cooperative venture, in which an author chooses the format for the book, the artist who illustrates it, and the cover. The initial funding came from a Washingtonian who is new to backing projects in the arts, and who, according to PR person Tracey Rhodes, wants to remain anonymous. NEW YORK BAR AND GRILL, a 60 page prose-poem, was written by Washington free-lance writer Philip Zbar Trupp, illustrated by Donald Mitchell of Arlington, and edited by Carol Cunningham of D.C. It's available at the Community Book Store, Brentano's and Discount Books for $1.75.

A REMINDER – If you want to exhibit your art and/or crafts at the Grok Concerts at P Street Beach this summer, call us at 965–9650. The five free concerts are being co-sponsored by Summer–In–The–Parks and the New Era Follies on alternate Sundays beginning in July. The art and crafts exhibits are being sponsored by WOODWIND.

WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL's Summer Festival is under way with two youth symphony orchestra concerts, organ recitals, a group of singers and dancers from Wales, a folk oratorio, and other choral and instrumental groups. Included will be a fully-staged production of Bertolt Brecht's "Galileo," presented in cooperation with Trapier Theater's Shakespeare & Co. The programs will be held in the Cathedral on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 p.m. Doors open at 7:30 p.m. as the half-hour carillon prelude begins. Admission is free, although an offering will be taken. For complete listings, see our Calendar of Delights.

BEGINNING AT MIDNIGHT on July 7 and continuing for six Fridays, members of the Georgetown Symphony will perform a series of chamber music concerts at Stage One, 3620 P Street, NW Featured in the series will be a complete cycle of performances of the Brandenburg Concerti. For information call 483–1077.

STAGE ONE, a theater project of Georgetown University, is under way with two dramatic presentations, "Tiger and Typists" by Murray Schisgal and two Harold Pinter plays, "The Lover" and "A Slight Ache." The plays are being produced by Louis C. Fantasia, music director of Georgetown Symphony Orchestra, in cooperation with the Georgetown University "Mask and Bauble." Fantasia, who is also a music critic for WOODWIND, will direct the Pinter plays. The Schisgal work will be directed by Jack Hofsiss. For a full schedule of the plays, see the Calendar of Delights.

THE FIRST CONCERT of the second annual session of the Wolf Trap Academy National Youth Orchestra will be given July 4th at 7:30 p.m. The program is to consist of Antheil's "McKonkey's Ferry," Dello Joio's "New York Profiles," and Franck's Symphony in D Minor. Admission will be free. On July 11, regular Wolf Trap prices will be charged for the Youth Orchestra's concert with Beverly Sills, soprano, who will sing works of Massenet, Thomas, Bellini, and Donizetti. Tickets for other academy concerts are $1.00. See the Calendar of Delights for a complete schedule.

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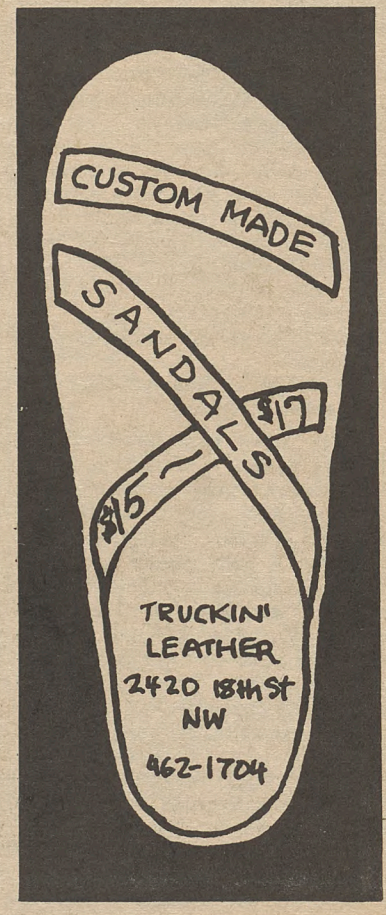

Your Backyard, Cont.

BARK CLOTH PAINTINGS of the Ticuna Indians of the Upper Amazon River will be on display at the Franz Bader Gallery through July 8. Animals for which the Ticunas hunt and fish are represented on the bark-cloth paintings called "yanchamas" in Spanish and "tuturis" in the Ticuna dialect. To prepare their "canvas," the Ticunas strip the inside layer of bark from certain trees found along the rivers of the Amazon basin. The bark is then pounded with a club made from one of the many different kinds of hardwoods in that area, and stretched to the desired thickness and size. The "paint" is made from a variety of leaves, fruits, berries and barks. For instance, the Ticunas make the green by taking almost any green leaf, rolling it into a cigar shape, softly chewing and salivating on the end. It is then squeezed and rubbed onto the bark cloth. The Ticunas use the paintings for clothing, rugs, wall hangings, and during a puberty rite in which the girl being initiated has all her hair plucked from her head by the elder women of the village to teach her how to endure the pain of marriage and child-bearing. The exhibit is under the sponsorship of the Ambassador of Columbia, Dr. Douglas Botero Boshell. Located at 2124 Pennsylvania Ave., NW, the gallery is open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday.

FREE HIGH SCHOOL in D.C. is looking for a staff person who is knowledgeable/skilled and confident in the sciences. . . and who can teach or initiate science-oriented courses and experiences.

Science background and interest is important, but just as important is ability and desire to relate openly with everyone involved in the school community. Job begins Sept. 15; salary is $50 - $80 per week. Contact Stephani Koenig at 234–9080.

JOBS AVAILABLE working in Youth Projects in the Dupont Circle area.

† S.A.J.A. (Special Approaches in Juvenile Assistance) operates a variety of programs for young people in the community.

† These include Runaway House, two group foster homes, Job Co-op, N.E.P. Free High School, Housing Co-op, training program, and others.

† There is constant need for people to work in these projects. We look for people who have lots of energy to work long and irregular hours; who can work with others collectively; who can work for minimal salary ($50-$80/wk)

† We hire only through direct personal contact and a week-long trial period. If interested, call Bill Tyson or Curt 234–6664.

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CHRIS HILLMAN
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FUZZY SAMUELS
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SUN. AUG. 13—4 P.M.
YES
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Judy Collins
$5.50, 4.50

SUN. AUG. 20—3 P.M.
Emerson, lake and palmer
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FRI. AUG. 25—8 P.M.
the Association
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SAT. SEPT. 2—8:30 P.M.
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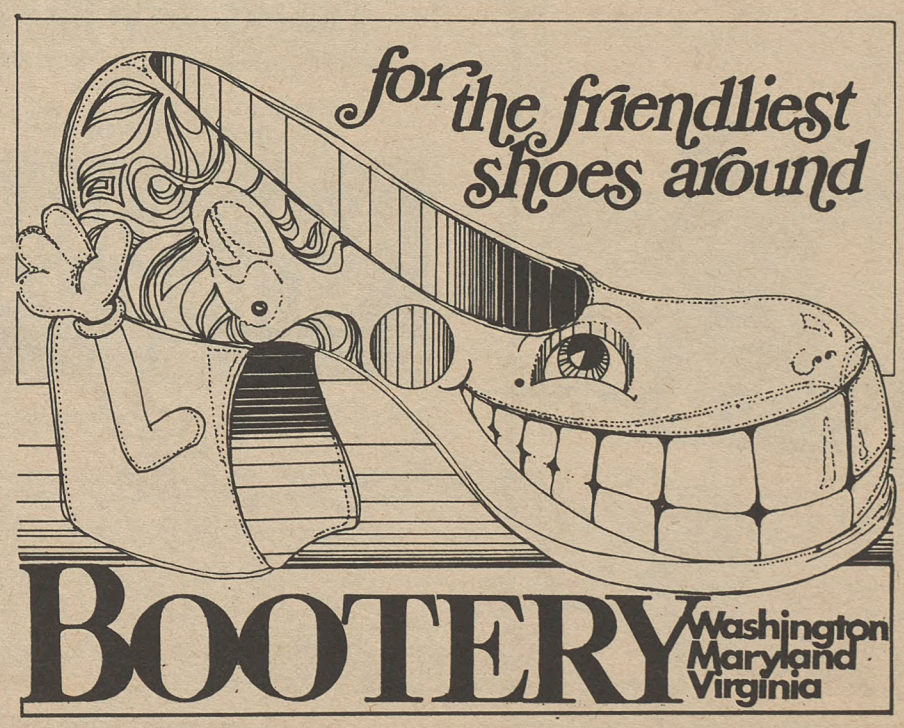

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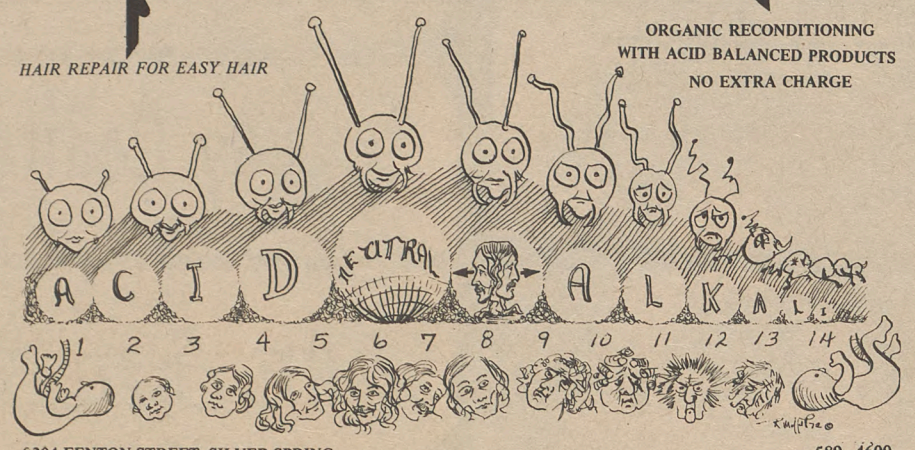

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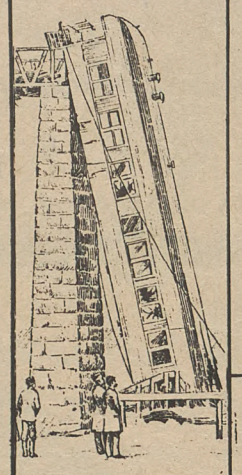

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THEATER

Opening

Songs My Father Taught Me; Black American Theater; opens July 3; 483–2251
As You Like It; Washington Cathedral; June 29 – July 10; 686–1733
Fiddler On The Roof; Shady Grove Music Fair; opens July 3 498–3400
Tartuffe; Olney Theater; opens July 10; 924–3400
The Pleasure of His Company; Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theater; opens July 10; 254–3600
Applause; National Theater; opens July 10, NA8–3393
Blues and Laughter; Back Alley Theater; opens June 29 723–2040
J.C. Superstar; Kennedy Center Opera House, opens July 4 – 23; 254–3600
Tiger and Typists; Stage One, Georgetown Univ.; 483–1077
The Lover & A Slight Ache; Stage One; Georgetown Univ.

Continuing

Medea in Africa; Black American Theater; thru July 2; 483-2251
The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-In-the-Moon Marigolds; Olney Theater; thru July 9; 924–3400
Misalliance; Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theater; thru July 8
1776; National Theater; thru July 8; NA8–3393
Godspell; Ford's Theater; 347–6260
Lady Audley's Secret; Washington Theater Club; thru July 9 466–8860
Tricks; Arena Stage's Kreeger Theater; thru July 2; 368–6700

GALLERIES

ADAMS, DAVIDSON GALLERIES – late 19th & 20th Century Masters, 3233 P. Street, NW
AGRA – Color Woodcuts by Jack Perimutter, 4721 DeSales St. NW
ARGEL – "Ceremonial Art of the Huichoi Indians of Mexico, 1843 S St. nw
ART LEAGUE MEMBERS EXHIBITION, 315 Careron St. Alex.
ARTIST'S MART – Group show featuring jewlery by Joan Morgan, 1361 Wisconsin Ave. NW
Baltimor
BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF FINE ART – Prints from the Lucas Collection Art Museum Dr., Balto.
CABADA GALLERY – Acrylic paintings exhibition, 1522 Conn. Ave. NW
CORCORAN GALLERY – Norman Rockwell & a Century of American Illustration, 17th St. and NY Ave. NW
EAST–WEST ART ASSOCIATES – Oriental painting, 433 S. Frederick avenue, Gaithersburg, MD
FRAME HOUSE – Group show in Various Media, 205 Union St. Occoquan, VA
FRAMES OF REFERENCE – Oscilantes sculptures in metal, 128 King St. Alexandria.
FREER GALLERY OF ART – 2,500 Years of Persian Art, Selected Leaves from Armenial Biblical Manuscripts, Eugene & Agnes E.Meyer Memorial Exhibition, 1100 Jefferson Drive, SW
FOLGER LIBRARY – "The Founding of the Folger"; 201 E.Capitol St. SE
GALLERY JACLANDE – painting and sculpture of Gallery artists, 6869 Springfield Blvd., Springfield, VA
GALLERY OF AFRICAN ART – Graphics by black artists from Rorkes Drift, So. Africa; 1621 21st St. NW
HENRI 2 – Group exhibition; 1875 Conn. Ave. NW
HODGES – oils and watercolors by local artists, thru June; 520 No. Wash. street, Alexandria
IFA GALLERIES'– group show in various media, thru June; 2623 Conn. av
JUNE1 GALLERY OF FINE ART – The found German Expressionist", Alois Wach's drawings & prints; 2647 Conn Ave. NW
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS – "The Wide World of Children's Books"; "The Lusiads" of Luiz de Camoes"; "750 Years of the Golden Bull of Hungary" thru June
MUSEUM OF AFRICAN ART – "African Art in Washington" and "the Influence of African Sculpture on Modern Art" and "Animals in African Art" 316–318 A St. NE
MICHELSON GALLERY – Graphics Show; 702 G Street, NW
NATIONAL CAPITOL TROLLEY MUSEUM – Collection of European & American Trolleys
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART – Prints by Edward Munch, the art of William Lehmbruch; 6th and Constitution Ave. NW
NATIONAL COLLECTION OF FINE ARTS – Art from DC Junior High Schools and Art of the 30's, 9th St. between F & G, NW
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND TECHNOLOGY – "Sculpture in Light and Motion" by Adam Reipel; Constitution ave and 14th St. NW
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NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY – "If Elected. . ." Unsuccessful candidates for the Presidentcy, 1796–1968, F and 8th Sts.
PECTRUM GALLERY – "Modular Movement" stained canvases in acrylics by John Bledsoe, thru July 9, 3033 M st. NW
TAWES FINE ART GALLERY – unusual exhibition of palatable irritants, disappearing art galleries & appearing comfort depots by Phill Simkin; U. of MD
US TOO STUDIO – Student exhibition of various media thru June, Chain Bridge Road, FAirfax, VA
WHEEL HOUSE GALLERY, LTD. – "Landscape in Mixed Techniques" by Maryann Friend thru July 10, 2924 Hunter Mill Rd. Oakton, VA
WHITE RHINO GALLERY – Photographic works of Lewis Frederick Schulle, 35th St. and Resevoir Rd., NW

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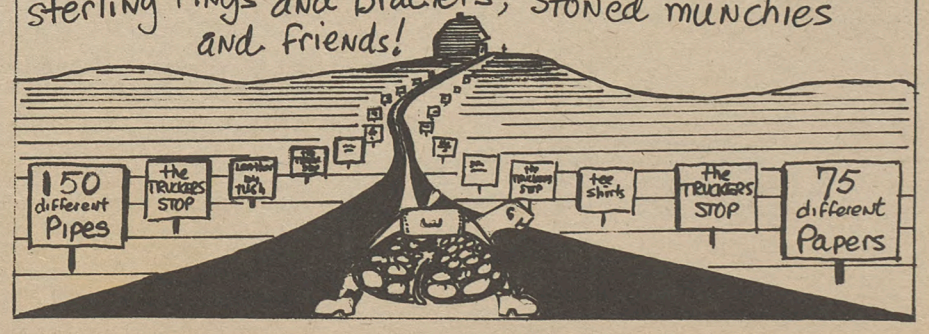

CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28

MUSIC

Sonny & Cher; Shady Grove Music Fair; 943–3400
Bill Withers; Cellar Door; 337–3389
Carl Freeman (organist) doing Bach, Ernst, Langlois and others; St. John's Church, Lafayette Sq. 12:10 pm; free; DI7-8766
Sydney & Richard Blankenship, mezzo & guitar; Jewish Community Center, Rockville, MD; 8pm; 881–0100
Delores Brown; Blues Alley; 337–4141

FILMS

The Anatomy of Humor; AFI; 3:30 pm; 554–1000
The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes; AFI; 8pm
I'm No Angel & She Done Him Wrong; Cerberus 3; 337–1311
Russia; Inner Circle; 337–4470
The Garden of the Finzi-Continis; Outer Circle 2; 244–3116
The Sorrow and the Pity; Outer Circle 1
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women In Love; Biograph; 333–2692

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer; Smithsonian Resident Puppet Theater; 11, 12, & 1; children $1.00, aldults $1.25; 381–5395
Tommy; Kennedy Center Opera House; presented by the Grandes Ballets Canadiens; 8pm; 254–3770
Viola Parker Dance Co.; Wolf Trap Farm Park, Vienna, VA; $4-$2 8:30pm; 938–3804
Poetry & Jazz; Iguana Coffee House, Luther Pl. Church; 667–1377
Spanish Theatre of G.W. presents "La Fabula del Requeno Jardin; Marvin Center; 6:30pm, $1; 676–6129

THURSDAY, JUNE 29

MUSIC

The Ink Spots & Sy Oliver and his orchestra; Wolf Trap; $6-$2; 8:30pm
Sonny & Cher (see June 28)
Bill Withres (see June 28)
Delores Brown (see June 28)
Paul Hill Chorale, Music of Heinrich Schutz; Washington Nat'l Cathedral; 8pm

FILMS

Characters: A Family Portrait (animation); AFI; 8 pm
I'm No Angel & She Done Him Wrong (see June 28)
Russia (see June 28)
The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women in Love (see June 28)
Zita & The Loves of Isadora; Circle

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
Tommy (see June 28)
Spanish Theater at G.W. presents Platero y Yo; Marvin Center; 7:30pm, $1; 676–6179
Radio Free Women hosted by Juanita Weaver; WGTB Radio 90.1 FM; 2:30-3:30pm; 625–4237

FRIDAY, JUNE 30

MUSIC

Folk Concert with Jean Ritchie, Roscoe Holcomb, Louise Foreacher, Norman Kennedy & Utah Phillips; Folklife Festival, MD area, The Mall, 3:30
Tex Beneke, Ray Eberle, The Modernaires; Wolf Trap; $7-$2 8:30
Sonny & Cher (see June 28)
Bill Withers (see June 28)
Delores Brown (see June 28)

FILMS

More Than Studio Humor (animation) AFI; 3:30
Sex, Violence and General Bad Taste (animation) AFI; 8pm
I'm No Angel & She Done Him Wrong (see June 28)
Russia (see June 28)
The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women in Love (see June 28)
King of Hearts & A Thousand Clowns; Circle; 337–4470

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
Tale Swapping; Folklore Festival; Hain's Point; 4pm
Tommy (see June 28)
Sp. Theater presents La Fabula del Requeno Jardin (see Juen 28)

SATURDAY, JULY 1

MUSIC

Folk Concert w/ Rosalee Sorrells, Mitch Greenhill, Hoyle Osborne; Md. Crafts area on The Mall; 5–6:30 pm
Tex Beneke, et al. (see June 30)
Sonny & Cher (see June 28)
Bill Withers (see June 28)
Delores Brown (see Juen 28)
Jackson 5; Balto. Civic Center; 8pm; $6.50-$4.50; 659-2601
Chicago Blues hosted by Ralph Metcalfe Jr.; Md. Crafts area on The Mall; 6:30–8:30
Finger Style Guitar w/ John Jackson & Utah Phillips, Md. Cratfs area; 1:30 pm

FILMS

I'm No Angel & She Done Him Wrong (see June 28)
Russia (see June 28)
The Garden of the Finzi-Continies (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women in Love (see June 28)
King of Hearts & A Thousand Clowns (see June 30)

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
Tommy; 6:30 & 10 pm (see Juee 28)
Tale Swapping (see June 30)
Children's show; WAMU 88.5 FM; 12–1:30pm

SUNDAY, JULY 2

MUSIC

Heavy Organ w/ Virgil Fox and Pablo Lights; Wolf Trap; 8:30
Sonny & Cher (see June 28)
Hootenanny; Cellar Door [live on WGTB 90.1 FM]; 333–3389
Delores Brown (see June 28)
All day Gospel sing; Folklore Fest., The Mall
Elizabeht Cotton; Folklore Fest., 4–4:30
Blues hosted by Ralph Metcalfe Jr., Folklore Fest 4:30–8
Classical Music Concert; National Gallery, 7pm; free –every Sunday throughout the summer
Free Concert; Fort Reno Park; every Sun. Afternoon during the summer, until 10pm

FILMS

I'm No Angel & She Done Him Wrong (see June 28)
Russia (see June 28)
The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women in Love (see June 28)
King of Hearts & A thousand Clowns (see June 30)

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
Tommy; 3:00 only (see June 28)
Zuni Pueblo Dance, Folklore Fest.; 3–4:30
Intertribal dances; 7–8:30
Glendi (Greek song & dance); 4–8:00
Tale swapping (see June 30)

MONDAY, JULY 3

MUSIC

The Dillards; Cellar Door
New Orleans style band lead by pianist Don Ewell; Blues Alley
Jerry Lee Lewis, Connie Smith & Tom T. Hall; Merriweather Post Pavilion; 7:30; $6.50–3; 949–5678
Gospel Program w/ Ernis Family, St. John's Choir, Verey Singers, Folklore Fest; 11–12:30
Occupational Songs with Mike Seeger, Utah Phillips, Union Worker's area, 2:30–3:30
Blues w/ Ralph Metcalfe Jr. (see July 2)

FILMS

I'm No Angel & She Done Him Wrong (see June 28)
The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women In Love (see June 28)
King of Hearts & A Thousand Clowns (see June 30)

EVENTS

Radio Free Women (see June 29)
Wolf Trap on Parade w/ Doris Kosloff; 8:30
Blues Guitar Workshop w/ Mike Seeger, Union Workers area 4-5
Turkish & Greek dnaces, Dance area; 5–8:30

TUESDAY, JULY 4 [BANG!]

MUSIC

Clar
carillon recital– Ronald Barnes; Washington Cathedral 8pm
USAF Band & Wolf Trap American U. Orchestra, plus fireworks
The Dillards, Cellar Door
New Orleans band; Blues Alley
John Jackson; Folklore Fest.; Union area; 12:30–1
Blues (see July 2)
Fiddler's Convention w/ Square Dancing
Gospel Program (see July 3)
Glendi (see July 3)
Rolling Stones; RFK; 8pm - but there ain't no tickets left

FILMS

I'm No Angel & She Done Him Wrong (see June 28)
The Garden of teh Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the pity (see June 28)
Sunday, Bloody Sunday & Women in Love (see Juen 28)
It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World & The Circus; Circle

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
Tale Swapping (see June 30)
Fireworks – Washington Monument Grounds
RFK Parking lot after the Stones' Concert

WEDNESDAY, Jul

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5

MUSIC

The Dillards (see July 3)
New Orleans band (see July 3)

FILMS

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
It's a Mad (x4) World & The Circus (see July 4)

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
NYC Joffrey Ballet; Wolf Trap; 8pm
RFK Parking lot, see July 4

THURSDAY, JULY 6

MUSIC

The Dillards (see July 3)
New Orleans band (see July 3)
Balto. Symphony Orchestra performing Ives, Gershwin, Dvorak; Tawes Fine Arts Theater, U. of Md; 8:30; $3.50; 454–2201
NV
No. Va. Music Center Orchestra at Reston; Washington Cathedral

FILMS

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
It's a Mad (x4) World & The Circus (see July 4)

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
NYC Joffrey Ballet; matinee at 2 (see July 5)

FRIDAY, JULY 7

MUSIC

The Dillards (see July 3)
New Orleans band (see July 3)

FILMS

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
Women in Love & The Music Lovers; Circle; 337–4470

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
NYC Joffrey Ballet; matinee at 2 (see July 5)

SATURDAY, JULY 8

MUSIC

The Dillards (see July 3)
New Orleans band (see July 3)

FILMS

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
Women in Love & The Music Lovers (see July 7)

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
NYC Joffrey Ballet; matinee at 2:30 (see July 5)

SUNDAY, JULY 9

MUSIC

Hootenanny (see July 2)
New Orleans band (see July 3)
Classical Music Concert (see July 2)
Free Concert (see July 2)

FILMS

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
Women in Love & The Music Lovers (see July 7)

EVENTS

Tom Sawyer (see June 28)
NYC Joffrey Ballet; matinee at 2:30 (see July 5)

MONDAY, JULY 10

FILMS

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (see June 28)
The Sorrow and the Pity (see June 28)
Women in Love & The Music Lovers (see July 7)

EVENTS

Bella Lewitzky Dance Co.; Wolf Trap; 8:30; 938–3804
Radio Free Women (see June 29)

CONCERTS OUT OF WASHINGTON

JULY 1

Newport Jazz Festival, New York; July 1 - 9; featuring jazz artists such as Thelonius Monk, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Rolin Kirk, Herbie Mann, James Moody, Charlie Bird Trio, Roberta Flack, Lou Rawls, Duke Ellington, Ray Charles, Chubby Jackson and more. There are 3 - 4 concerts/day, in places such as Carnegie Hall, Philharmonic Hall and Radio City Music Hall. Tickets are $3.00 – $6.50. For info call (212)–362–8994.

JULY 8

Three Dog Night, Faces, Emerson Lake & Palmer, Humble Pie, Black Sabbath, J.Geils Band, Cactus, Badfinger, Edgar Winter, Bill Angus, Mother Night, & more; Pocono International Raceway, Pocono, PA, $11.00; 1 pm 'til —

JULY 24 – AUGUST 19

Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart & Bach Festival at Philharmonic Hall; 26 concerts; $4.50, (212)–644–4400.

JULY 6

Humble Pie, Groundhogs and Edgar Winter at opening night of Gaelic Park [240th St. & Broadway, Bronx, NYC] 7 pm $5

AUGUST 12 [& 13]

Festival of Hope (presented by Easter Seals); Chuck Berry, James Brown, Commander Cody, The James Gang, Elephant's Memory, McKendree Spring, & Stephen Stills /// [Delaney & Bonnie, Bo Diddley, Looking Glass, Dr. Hook, Lighthouse, Sha-Na-Na, The Shirelles, Sly and the Family Stone, Ike & Tina Turner] $10 each day; noon -- midnight; Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, LI, New York